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NATURAL RELIGION

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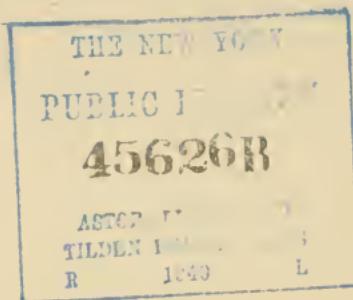
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P R E F A C E.

The greatest problem of the age is said to be the religious problem. The succeeding pages are an effort to meet these queries quietly, firmly, courageously, to answer them intelligently and yet truly. One thought is that the true answer may be discerned from within us, that the study of man will reveal the perfect faith. Our will is to help those who have made shipwreck of their faith, to formulate a new and abiding conviction. While humbly suggesting a sufficing and complete new religion, builded from the truths discerned in later times rather than those declared of old, it is not inconsistent with, and will easily become, the prologue, the porch of the new-born Christianity.

T. W. H.

Hope, North Dakota, December 1, 1891.

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NORMAL LIVING IS RELIGION.

The world of outside nature is around us. We behold gloom and light of cloud, aspiring arms of trees, sombre-tinted earth, and faded grass. We hear chirping birds, and see the horses drawing loads to town. Houses man has builded dot the plain. They are tinted like the rainbow. Their brown and red, and cream and white, saffron and orange and slate bodies make a medley; their great glass windows, like illumined faces, seem to smile upon us. We are looking into nature—we are looking with a purpose. We look and wonder what this outside nature has to do with our religion. We sit in soberness, with reason active and attentive. Those clouds are very high and almost lead us to the thought of the sublime. Those distant woods, a ghostly company, wave their gloomy branches, and point us upward, onward to the world of mystery and the great unknown. The grass beneath our eyes tells us that the past is dead; and the future comes; and after a little the resurrection of the Spring, new grass, new flowers, new life. The moving members of the horses, the strange, squeaky note of a discordant bird reveals nerves and muscles, lungs and throats, wonderful life, "concreted thought," that is in nature, in horse, bird, man. We see indeed that the reason finds opportunity to cogitate, the imagination is prompted to flights, and the sensibilities are stirred as our rotat-

ing eyeballs make the pageant of nature shift before us. If religion were thinking, the natural man, turning unstudied eyes on this sea of light and sound and color and solid reality, would gain many suggestive thoughts and worthy reasonings.

If religion is estheticism, nature may be quite a factor in religious life.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

This is extreme religiousness. He who feels such thoughts most deeply is most genuinely religious of us all. You and I should wander oft in nature, for nowhere is a greater chance to be religious. Here alone we see the vast and sublime. A million tints in prodigal beauty abound. Gigantic forces, heaving underneath the crust of earth, heap in wild confusion hills and dales, and yet a sunlight clothes the jagged edge of rock and soil with grass and herb and fern and shrub, till even roughness has its softness and its beauty. We should have artistic sense. The grand landscapes of this earth must be loved. We must see them at their proper worth, marvels of tint, color, wonders of luxuriance of light and shade, massings of colossal matters, vast in scale, overpowering in their size. Stand at the mountain side, at the ocean's edge, beneath the canopy of stars, on a hilltop, viewing a city or the distant plain; study nature in her grander moods. The eye of the artist must be ours, that we may see each beauty, and every glory of her scale of loveliness. If art and religion are one, you and I must

meander through the fields and draw our inspiration from the grass and woods. Life must be an education; nature our school house, and the inarticulate voices of her streams and leaves our instructors. We must evolve esthetic sense until the draperies that hang the bed of mother earth, and the skyey tent which walls her chamber, are appreciated. Shall we spend the days sauntering through nature inquiring into her varied moods? Shall we enthuse amid the violets, and romance among the daisies, read the poetry of leaves, or the heart that warmly nestles in a rose? Shall we swing in the tree top, feeling the tempest, watching the rolling clouds, the lurid lightnings, hearing the thunder peal, seeing nature lift aloft her arm of power? Shall we see in Sun the symbol of eternal love, and in the rain the falling tears from the eyes of God?

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
 So was it when my life began,
 So is it now I am a man,
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die !
 The child is father of the man.
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.—[*Wordsworth*.

And prayer is made and praise is given,
 By all things near and far ;
 The ocean looketh up to heaven,
 And mirrors every star.
 Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
 As kneels the human knee,
 Their white locks bowing to the sand,
 The priesthood of the sea !
 —[*Whittier* : " Nature's Reverence."]

The earth has her myriad moods; shall we occupy our time in going forth to study them?

Our body has a harp of myriad strings. It has taken five thousand years, plus the prehistoric era, to rise to the proper reverence of the flesh. Eighteen hundred years has witnessed a libel on this magnificent organism. Language has not been strong enough to convey the contumely to be heaped upon the unoffending flesh. And why, forsooth? Purity cleanses the body. We need not despise it. Charles Wesley sang:—

Thou God of glorious majesty,
To thee against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry,
A half awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss and pain,
A sinner born to die.

Such songs have been the creed of twenty centuries. Modern thought has changed our vision. We are not worms. Our bodies are not base. We should not malign, hate, nor despise them. We should honor and revere them. They are wondrous organisms. Better than David's harp of many strings. Think of the human hand. Think of the inner subtle processes of life. Think of force and movement, the resultant of the muscles. Think of nerves, those telegraphic wires from the different stations in our being to the dépôt in the head, paths where angels fly and tell the spirit life about the outside world. Think of the brain. Muse on the correlation of forces in this body, and on the mystery of life. Man has a manifold enginery of power; a garment that an angel might

be proud to wear : an endowment better than bank accounts or stock in trade ; a machine more utile than a cotton loom or a mammoth printing press. Man has possessed this rare, beautiful gift ; he has looked at the face of a queen and called the queen a sow, and at the figure of a king and called the king a hog.

Body is part of religion. It is our duty to guard these processes of life. We must nourish them. They are so delicate that they need our care. The body is the dwelling place of life. If that life be sickness, how can our work be done ? If that life is health, we are capable of action. We should keep the body fitted for the operating life. How much, how far, the body is substance of religion, the equation of life reveals. Suffice it now to reconstruct our thinking of the past ; reverse our judgments. Bury the dead thought, or leave it unburied, to waste its fallacies in the desert air of worthlessness ; and cleave to the new thought, body is worthy ; its right use is part of the high religious life.

Mind is religion, reads the philosophy of the past. Religion is a creed—an intellectual system. In the lower range, doubtless, a blind acceptance of articles of faith ; an acceptance of certain processes of thought, as ultimate truth. The religion of yesterday, and some of the religion of today, rests upon such a framework. But, we say, the religion, coming to us from the past, is not ultimate truth. This religion of our nation, whose documents are the Scriptures, beginning with Genesis, and closing with Revelation, is not

final truth. No infallible teacher appears therein. No one reached universal and specific truth. Moses did not always teach ideal truth. David did not always speak it. Nor Isaiah. The works of Paul seem not to bear the marks of absolute truth. Nor those of John. The son of man, himself, holy and wise, has not said the last word that can be said, nor given every truth in the religious range; nor is everything that he said absolutely clean cut to the lines of cleavage that dis sever truth from error. The Bible, with its rare and glorious worth, is fallible. Obscurations mar each lense and make them all imperfect enlighteners. The acceptance of the creed and system that has descended to us from the past is not religion. It cannot be. Ask a man to take for universal truth, that which he conceives is not always universal; ask him to receive as perfect in minutiae Bible or New Testament, which he believes to sometimes err, is demanding that he commit the greatest mental sin, what is said in Scripture to be without forgiveness; it is constraining him to judge against his highest light.

Mind is made for truth. A desire exists in every soul that it may know the truth. Normal mental life is the struggle to attain the goal of this desire. Life should be a consecration to the truth. Who will not forsake family, property, friends, church, for the truth is not worthy to possess the treasure mind. If perchance it happens that one outgrows the mental system of his boyhood, he must leave it, whether it be Buddhism, Confucianism, Orthodox Christianity, the

hopes of idealism, or the negations to the spirit of modern science. He must leave the partial for the broader and more universal. Other course would be untrueness to the sense of truth.

As many wear close chains about their forms ; it unfits their functions for normal action, and makes them weaker, body, mind, and soul ; others wear the chains around their minds with as dire result. To impede the soul is to dwarf the soul. To say "I will not" or "I dare not think along these lines" is to weaken the wings for action, and takes away at length the power to think at all within these channels. By the intimate relation of sympathy, which yokes function to function in the body, and faculty to faculty in the mind, so that non-use or disease of one affects the whole, many souls, in slavery to creeds, deteriorate in thought power, and degenerate to mental pygmies. Life must be a consecration to the truth, and must follow where the spirit of conviction beckons. We are all compelled to leave the old and cleave to the new. This is duty, and not playing traitor. It is sacred obligation to the truth. As there is a God, who honors loyalty, this will meet approval and not disapproval, honor not dishonor. It will not damn ; it will save ; rather than casting to the utmost pit, it will lift to the topmost heaven. The acceptance or rejection of the ancient faiths does not constitute religion. This is other than asserting that thinking has no place in true religiousness. Religion, we opine, is not necessarily the acceptance of old faiths in new lights, progressive orthodox-

ies, admitting errors in the old, the unfinality of the new testament "truth," or the acceptance of this or that philosophy, yet thought is important in religion.

Man has a thinker ; he should use it. The question is its normal use, its right use. Thinking is a part of life ; if living is religion, thinking will be part of religion. Many have been trained in Bible thought. They find rich truth upon these pages ; this truth becomes a permeating force, which makes in them a higher life. But, perchance, there comes a time when these statements fail to satisfy ; they seem at least to them but partial truth ; they remove these conceptions out of consciousness ; they have no longer moulding force. Only the thoughts, the grand and true in Scripture, remain in them to work the higher life. Their vision broadens : Other truths wield the mystic power in their lives ; paintings by great masters ; songs by great composers ; inspired poems ; visions of seers ; convictions of saints ; hymns of the trustful ; thoughts of the sages ; facts of matter, sense, and soul ; Bibles of the ages ! Thought and religion intertwine. As the man without a brain is but a brute, religion, unpermeated by intelligence is not worthy of the name. Brain is part of life as much as liver, and without thinking there can be no perfect living.

There should be as much of thought as is needed for our perfect living. Those who think most wisely and morally, whose brains stand as sentinels to keep off obtrusive foes, who hold at bay superstitions, and will not give them housing room within their spirits,

who hail the true and not the false, who admit friends laden with food and comfort, but prevent disturbing forces gaining entrance, who so protect the spirit that the life within moves as smoothly as the rising, course, and setting of the sun, who make life natural and normal, active but peaceful, are worthily religious. Such is the wiser piety.

As we journey in life we behold at times visions which surprise us. Not every sight, novel or beautiful, calls forth our admiration, until our soul sits on our lips. Only highest forms of power wield a wand and make this higher mood. The climax in oration, the tear in the song, humanity in a deed of love, mother caressing her boy, son supporting an aged father, tell us of nobler self, and we are still. Sometimes natures are full of humanity, wide in range and sympathy ; these souls incline to right ; they grow in the culture of the truth, touching human experience at all its varied points, schooled in sorrow, joy, temptation, sin, righteousness ; they emerge holy and warm hearted. They are soulful men. You and I would rather meet one soul than a hundred of these fleshly bipeds we call men.

Must soul exist to have religion ? Must there be aspiration and yearning like in so many saints of old ? Must we have communion with the Father as did Jesus ? Must our souls be lit with joy, must they feel the rivers of peace flowing about their battlements ? Must they have hopes that come to trusts and seeming knowledge ? Must we think on these deeper themes of

life, God, and immortality? Must they serve duty, firmly soldered to the right? Must they love to do the good, the true, the beautiful? Must they lose self to gain themselves, learning in philanthropy the secret of the noblest life? These are the questions that throng before our souls, when we try to find an answer to the question, (What is true religion?)

Body, mind, and soul each have portion in true religiousness. The range of religion is broad as humanity and human experience. Religion finds its operation in outside nature, and as well the world of art; in operas and symphonies, and the world of letters; in the store and the shop; driving a horse, making a will; furnishing a room in luxurious or frugal taste, presiding at receptions, arranging courses at a banquet, making after dinner speeches; mending broken benches, healing broken hearts; in the pulpit, on the rostrum; writing poems, singing songs, making money; at the club, in society; being a refining force, in the family, doing good, reforming laws; establishing nations; living life. Everywhere that a man can act, there is opportunity for his religiousness; every kind of an act that a man does, offers him a chance to be religious. Every time he acts, man is religious or irreligious.

We are creatures of our dispositions; only a limited range of action is possible to us. We are narrowed by our circumstances; we have not the opportunity to be a Raphael, Beethoven, Napoleon, Pitt, Macaulay, Luther, Garrison, Vanderbilt, Ericsson, Schinkel, even if we had the capability. Religion of every day life, since

it is practical, and not the unattainable ideal, must pertain to small achievements. Limitations front us on every hand ; none can be great in many lines ; many are great in none. Practical religion must remember these limitations of the human species. We are not called to be what we cannot be, but to accomplish what is possible to us.

The preponderance of the practical is our law. We cannot do all ; we must do what we have in hand. We cannot be universals, we must be what we are fitted to become. An ample field of life is offered. The poet to be poet ; the merchant, merchant ; the broker, broker ; and the author, author. This is our life work, the goal of our endeavor, and, like a mould, it must shape the acts and phases of our life. It will decide for us what we may do, and what we should do, and what we should not do. It will decide whether we walk amid nature or on the streets of the city ; whether we live most in body, mind, or spirit, whether we spend our time in building, reading, or loving. Walking in nature fits the poet as a glove fits the hand ; but no more suits the financier, perhaps, than a glove fits the foot. Individuality calls man to labor with his hands, or with his head, or with his heart. Every man is a law unto himself. We serve law, but not the universal, but the individual. My life work is my law ; and its demands shape all the actions of my being. Like a chart the outline of his individuality appears before man. He must fill the picture, and give it tone and color from his life.

You and I have a certain work that we should do. In the chart of the eternal, it belongs to you and me to do the work. No one else can do the task as well. Abraham Lincoln guided our ship of State through the darkness, tempests, foaming seas, and horror, of our nation's greatest storm. Jenny Lind entranced and soothed a nation with the matchless sweetness of her songs. Robert Fulton sent his wheezy, clumsy steam-boat up the Hudson. It was the embryo of the Cunarders. A youth was an interested student of natural philosophy and chemistry. His name was Morse. This suggests the magnetic telegraph. A few leagues, fifty or one hundred miles from a city, a store stands at the fork of the roads. Within the store is an aged man. He watches the progress of the trade. He has been diligent from sunrise to sunset for fifty years. A woman sits on a calico covered cushion of an old fashioned and dingy rocker. She has cared for the little ones as they came to her home, but they are grown, and they have left her one by one. The candle burns low in the socket. It will soon die out.

A human trait stirs us to the core when we behold it. We have passed it in the street, glowing in the radiance of a face. We have seen it in the ringlet of a silver lock of hair. It has shone in an eye, mellowed by age, or in the red coal of youth. The perfume of its breath has been detected from a person in a crowd. Around a hearth fire a company has been filled with it, as from the odor of a geranium plant. The muscles of one's hand contract to grasp its fingers, and shake

them in a grip of confidence. One moves to link the arm in its arm, as evidence of trust. We mean the natural man.

Religion is normal living. It is fulfilling life's duties. It is accomplishing life's task. It is trueness to individuality.

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.—[*Hamlet*.]

THE NATURAL MAN.

Who is the natural man? Ask Rousseau! And he will point you to the earliest of men, nature's noblemen, who lived in the forest upon the productions of earth and tree, related to each other according to the simple promptings of their rude natures. These abiders in the wood were normal before the days of artificial civilization, before the struggle against famine, and for existence, before the dawn of large ambitions and the strife to build careers on dead men's bones, before the wars of trade, the arising of petty strifes and great injustices, before the birth of the huge man-child, humanity's great foe, the demon selfishness. Let us revert to like estate and be natural.

Was Rousseau right? We fancy not. That his was only half a truth, one of those glittering generalities, whose obverse side is error. It is pleasant to the taste to picture early man, clad in the rhythm of faultless physique, wandering through boudoirs in the woods, seated on mosses, and courting his wild, shy mate of the forests, enjoying the freedom of life without restraint. But, it is as easy and quite as true to paint him in scenes of beastliness and cruelty, which are quite abhorrent to our modern sentiment.

Rousseau aside, are men natural? When the Austrian army moved against the Swiss, and the solid

wall of spears defied the mountain heroes, human nature rose to the occasion, and one man, Arnold Winkelried, gathered the spears in his heart and formed a gap for victory. Ofentimes, we read of scenes which tell us of this higher humane tendency. A woman utters those avalanched human tones, which alone reveal the height and depth of human misery, a shriek, and men once timid run to her defense. "Harm her only over this dead frame," they say. One day a house is afire. A form appears near the summit of the structure. Fiery death draws nigh. Some brave one risks a life to save a life. Crises bring the noble of humanity to view and action. And other individuals, we think, in small affairs, as these in great affairs, are natural. He who pursues the daily routine of trade with patience and without worry. He who foresees the daily wants, and meets and supplies them, and enjoys in near at hand range human life, and bears without a murmur life's griefs and burdens.

The boy loves the outer air, and not the heated atmosphere of home, as well he should, he is a boy; he goes to school, enters study full of zest, as well he should, for he will be a man. The age of youth comes on, and his outer sports change to indoor charms, and well they should, for social life is always to be portion of his life. The early zeal of trade is felt, and as it should, for life lives on trade, and must have a purpose, and should be a progress. Manhood comes. He unites achievements, comforts, and power. Old age arrives. Activity is laid aside, but not utility, as influ-

ence, like the perfume of a flower, surrounds him, happy in reclusion, feeling the reflexes from well remembered good deeds, and the reverence of man. These are natural men; natural in the sense of normal, poised to the principles and ameliorations of life. How cheery and invigorating they are!

In that unique modern story, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," two scenes are drawn. A gentleman, walking the streets of London, beholds a very striking figure. He is slight in stature, a seeming distortion of his spine, and an uncanny, pale look on his face gives a hint of a soul askew. He watches the man as he stumbles by chance against a young girl, when, to his horror, he sees him knock her down, and trample upon her. Another night, a servant girl, seated by her window, which looks out upon a lane, sees the meeting of two men; one was tall, beautiful, noble in bearing, saintly, gray locks engirthing his head. The other slight and somewhat repulsive. Words passed between them, and, at last, the demon rousing in the one of slighter frame, he smites, and smites, and kills the saint. Here is the darker side of man, a lurking, devil spirit, that, springing to the surface, bursts into lava streams of burning sin. Man is a volcano, as was Dr. Jekyll, alias Mr. Hyde. These two fiendish acts are the two great eruptions of life, when the pent up lake of boiling fluid fire bursts its barriers of restraint and appears in action. But men upon a less dramatic plane are studiedly iniquitous. Facts look that way at least. The undertow draws down the con-

tents in the waters ; an undertow draws down human character. In trade, or home, in State, in one or more of fields of action, rarely, or never, in all, men are evil. Some live falsely to their homes ; some build wealth on habitual injustice ; some sell thoughts and stand for creeds or politics in which they have no faith ; and many in their particular scope, act almost always from incorrect motives, and do generally evil, injurious deeds.

It is natural to sin ; and natural to do right. An antinomy appears. The lower and the higher are within us. We are dual. They stand like partners hand in hand. You perceive them in the babe, dimpling to laughter, scowling in spite ; in the lad, industrious, ambitious, or lazy, careless ; the young man, eager for reputation and success, thoughtless of his name, undoing in some brief deed the work of many days of righteousness ; the man of years, a philanthropist today, tomorrow a defrauder ; the sexagenarian, a cave of the winds, shedding cooling, restful drops, or raging in the gusts of futile passion. We see man, seated in splendor, resplendent with a light like a god ; but ears become forked, face darkens, nose crooks, feet are hoofed, a long sinewy, hairy object curls behind him, he becomes an anti-god. The metamorphoses of human nature ! It is natural to sin as to be righteous. Forces impel from below, as well as from above. The animal man, the selfish one, are they not natural ? Are they not as native to humanity as the mental, soulful, humanitarian man ? We

know but one redeeming thought. We can only speak under that regulating force that men call conscience, which leads men upward, or leaves in them, as they defy it, the consciousness of falseness to themselves. Here is the distinction,—of self and false self,—a distinction based on man's self consciousness. Conscience explains me. It is the key. The false to the true self. The conscience over the lower self. Conscience, a mysterious force in man, lifts him toward the perfect man, the ideal state, godlikeness, heaven. It is universal factor in humanity, no matter whence its origin. Its voice sounds in my ear; I heed its summons; I force my disobedience. In the night, when all is still, it is present; its face looks into my face in the day.

The word natural means from its origin "becoming," "that which is about to be," "that which is about to be born." Human history is a becoming. From the primitive man, rude, barbaric, the man in communities, the man in warlike nations, among civilized peoples, the maturing mind, the mind becoming spirit.

Natural is a flowing formula. Once it was natural for man to invade a neighbor's town, burn his dwellings, slaughter, perhaps scalp, the man, and often kill the wives and children, or, if the men were taken captive, to make them run the gauntlet, or burn them at the stake. Now 'twould be most unnatural. It were unnatural once to study. Men devoted to mind were medicine men and were feared as wizards. At the dawn of science, the investigators, astrologers and sci-

entists, were feared as children of Satan. Nathaniel Hawthorne draws in "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret" the picture of a scientist. The Puritans consider him a wizard. He is a man of mind, but uncanny weirdness ostracises him. It was unnatural then to study the deeper mysteries of nature, but now it is natural. Men dissect a human body, or unite the chemical forces to startling effects, and these men are respected as our most useful citizens, and as normal men. We see a like advance in morals. It was natural once to expose infants. Socrates speaks lightly of or seems to praise the custom. "If I abstract and expose your first born, because I discover that the conception you have formed is a vain shadow, do not quarrel with me, as the manner of women is, when their first born children are taken from them." Contrast a scene in "Adam Bede." Hetty has killed her child. Adam's lips moved tremulously—he whispered: "Tell me." "She has been arrested—she is in prison." It was as if an insulting blow had brought back the spirit of resistance into Adam. The blood rushed to his face and he said, loudly and sharply: "For what?" "For a great crime—the murder of her child."

Humanity is working from a lower to a higher status. Once mainly physical to the mental and the moral. The forces from the past, the voices of antiquity, the characteristics of the lover, the physical temptations, still remain. Certain powers impede our progress, and perversions of the spirit hold us back. Again and again, in our dire struggles, in our weakness, in our defeats,

after our recklessness, which has thrown in moments what months have matured, we have cried and prayed, "Oh, deliver us from ourselves. Poor, wretched failures that we are! Self, emancipate thyself." "I cannot," comes the echo; but deep reverberates unto deep, as the soul asserts itself: "I will." New born functions, voices from above, are cheering us onward, forces propel, which, if unresisted, make in us those noble souls, useful, beautiful, which humanity is wont to honor and revere. "Men rise on their dead selves to higher things." We break the thralls of heredity, saying to the piercing spurs of inherited traits, "Be crushed;" we loose the limitations of our disposition, saying, "I will broaden out of what my nature made me." We unlink the chains of circumstance, declaring, "I will grow beyond the littleness of this narrow sphere of life and character."

To be natural. A violet is natural. Its little feet are planted in the soil. The richness of the earth expands her. The rains of heaven bathe them. The flower grows. The breezes kiss its petals. The sunlight warms its cheeks. The dews of the morning rest upon its forehead. It comes to symmetry, and exhales perfume and beauty. Nothing is more natural than man; the lower becoming of our expanding organism, or the truer becoming of a regulated maturing life. The body grows. It heightens and broadens. Its rough lines change to smooth. Its awkward hanging members gather symmetry. Its mind equips. It grows to strength and glory. But man makes himself. He has

a thousand hands and myriad senses. Worlds for acquisition are about them. He reaches out to each, and borrows from them power. At last he represents the earth's choicest fruit. The highest that the forces of which we have knowledge of this mother earth and the universe can reach. He takes from nature his strength, as the cosmic whole concentrers into him.

The natural man par excellence becomes a trinity, a tri-form of unity, body, mind, and spirit, not the figure of a beast, expanded chest, gaping legs, arms akimbo, and ethereal mind, unacquired spirit; nor an attenuated frame, a face lighting with intelligence alone, unmellowed by the light of soul; nor spirit grown, and mind and body lacking. But king and queen of creatures, man and woman; three forms of power in strong possession.

We speak of natural further in the sense of spontaneity. Man is an entity, an individuality unmated in the wide universe. This entity is, however, capable of development, which should be a free, natural evolution according to the peculiar conditions inside more than outside of the personality, and hence along the possibilities of the individuality. A man is what he is. Circumstances of nature and humanity have made a certain impression on the man. He is resultant of many forces, yet an individuality. Sit with him, eat with him, talk with him, sleep with him, and let him be natural, and you have a picture no artist can draw with the crayon, or photographer take with the camera, a portrait that has no likeness in the wide world. Is not

life's mission to live self, and realize self? Should not his nature, his truest self speak?

Be natural! How rare the man! Who makes purposes, endeavors, and motives, deeds. Who acts according to his nature, speaks what he thinks; as he feels, so does. A sympathetic man; joy and sorrow meet a delicate response, as a harp by the sea played by unseen fingers, by natures breathings or her hurricanes. A spontaneous soul, like the rippling waters of the brooklet, that is not studied but moves as the winds of heaven, the flow of lava, the fall of rain, the dews of the morning, the perfumes of roses, by its own inner laws.

The highest man is the ideal-man-spontaneous. The mind and soul are automatic. Thought and ethics are become a second nature; they have crowned the lower, and are the character. The automatism is unseen. Life flows to thought and feeling by the laws of its own being. Is a river unnatural? Or a bubbling spring? Is not an ideal man acting his ideality, most natural? A finely modulated being, acting in the varied ranges of its nature; placing the emphasis on body, mind, or spirit, according to time or circumstance; living in them all in propitious opportunities, acting them each in fullness and in unison.

Naturalness has worth. There is a deal of sense in that strong German word "Werth." It is better for a man to lose house or property than his individuality. It is the one unique possession untransferable. No one else can own it. It is the treasure that death does

not corrode, that passes its maelstrom undrowned. One must be brave indeed, earnest and independent, to preserve this rich distinction.

Individuality is precious. Man should be "a great wild soul," as Carlyle would call him, yet tempered in his madness, only insane to make a perfect self. Let us have men around us that are natural; men who follow the good and not the bad; true to self, congenial men; and who live within the world of the perfect; who think and speak and do from this ideal, spontaneously; yet individuals; men who are themselves, without a Dromio, unique, unmated.

GOD AND MAN.

The chart of human duty has been slowly learned ; and many of its practical principles have been acquired only after many hard knocks of experience. The primitive savage possessed a meagre scroll of duties ; the modern gentleman has an elaborate chart. Certain ingredients of modern righteousness have been born within the last three hundred years. Co-operative institutions are one illustration. Greek and Roman encountered sundry of civilization's laws. They did not obey them, but died through them. Some duties are deeply ingrained into the constitution of the human race. Others are purely expedient, but since engrafted into the laws of nations, we should obey them. A part is written in a nation's laws ; a part is written in social custom ; the human heart holds much as inherited conviction. It includes duty to body, mind, soul, self, to neighbors, to existing institutions, and reaches even into the universe, and unto him, who infolds the universe, unto us, as his agents, to carry out his plans. It would be difficult to enumerate these laws. We can recognize them as they appear. We can learn them slowly in human experience ; then apply them in subsequent emergence where they appear. The great and the little are included in the reign of law ; as well the grain of dust that

floats in the interstellar space, and the world gliding in its orbit, the petty deed of life, and the far reaching plan.

The mystical and the practical are co-workers in religious living. The practical is apt to be uninspiring, secular, conventional, utilitarian, earthly. If the sight of the great Divine reality is lacking, a great motive in life is absent. And life with the Divine reality, as the only stay, is dreamy, fanciful, impracticable, sporadic. Superstitiousness and ill-balanced thinking is its fruit. Life should be rather the cautious stepping upon the roadway of the practical ; meanwhile it may feel from behind the impelling force of the God sense. When we combine these factors, we have completest life.

Admirable are the crutches upon which we may limp into the heaven of religion. The psalms and the gospel have moulded many a sublime hero. The inspiration of the great souls of every age have urged the making of their divine exhilaration contagious. Often, however, the use of these helps is somewhat like the function of sleep, a tarrying for renovation. After the acquisition, we walk. To be sure, the breezes fan us, and the inhaled air expands our chests and fills us with power, and we feel like Hercules, but these are not crutches, these are the direct acting Divine in man.

Religion has experiences, inspirations of heavenly atmospheres which become the fundamentals, the solidarity of man's faith ; not what Hegel or Spencer, Jones or Smith, the philosophers, say, nor what Paul,

that great apostle, declared, but what my soul has whispered to me, what I have heard in the past and have remembered, and what I feel today.

We study man's nature and surroundings in order to comprehend him. The thought and feeling of God have from time immemorial made a strong impression upon him. God seems to act directly upon the human mind. The translation into words of this divine operation is a human work. Man experiences, feels, reasons, and then describes. All descriptions fail to express the emotions themselves. They are profounder than the language. One is impressed with this limitation, whether he reads Brahmanic hymn, Jewish psalm, or modern poem. The feeling is vaster than the description. One rises with the seer to his pinnacle of vision and of ecstasy, and is dropped into the ditch of human limitation. No single voice has given us this idea of God in its completeness, nor has drawn his figure. Moses tells us of his majesty and awfulness ; Jesus of his boundless love ; modern thinking of his laws ; yet, read where we will, the experience transcends the words. Emerson does not satisfy ; Carlyle cannot arouse ; Paul falls short in thought ; and all others are similarly lacking. Deep down in the human heart it is written. The hour of great experience engraves it.

We feel him at some peculiar moment, not in the passing events of life. It comes oftener or rarer to souls, doubtless, according to personal being and condition. It may be that some never receive it ; it may

be that others often. We have the thought that the Divine has been ever present in the world in past and present, and has manifested himself peculiarly to certain souls of every age. He did not reveal himself to the Hindu peoples, but to the Brahmans ; nor to the Hebrews, but to certain Hebrews. There were schools of the prophets, and hundreds in them who knew not much of Elohim or Jehovah. But certain great and grand ones saw him. Individuals have thus been the recipients in the different centuries, and have voiced him.

We do not attempt to delineate the separate features requisite to produce a prophet or a teacher of the Divine. Certain are mental. Religious genius might include them. Religious genius might exist independent of character, as in David, and others like him in other ages. It is one thing to see God and another to obey him. And virtues and graces enter largely in the perfect seer. Christ saw further and better than the psalmist. In learning of God, the first essential is the fulfilling of conditions. What are they? Who knows? The Hindu fulfilled some, and saw somewhat of God. The Greek philosopher drew near enough to catch intellectual glimpses of the truth. Jesus knew the soul's approach, and felt, what even his poetic utterance but faintly described. The modern apprehends God, and often not meagerly ; and all, perchance, fall short of the complete vision, and yet more the sufficing declaration.

The Bible is palpably better than other ancient re-

ligious books ; hence the question arises, Whence came its greatness ? The answer seems, since the Jew fulfilled more conditions toward the Divine, he saw more of him than Chinaman or Hindu, Aztec or Northman. The understanding is arrived at through the law that they who approach through the proper methods enter into the completer visions. The genius of David admitted him where the practical integrity of Moses could not reach, and the inspiration and character of Isaiah received new insights. Jesus saw further and Paul more narrowly for the same considerations. Some moderns behold what the ancients never or but indistinctly visioned. New conditions bring new revelations ; future history may learn yet more of God.

Certain memorable deeds are recorded in the history of the Jewish people. Were they legend or facts ? Legends are historic truths abnormalized by tradition. Jesus performed miracles. He healed the sick, and did other merciful marvels. Here, again, we see, probably, fulfilled conditions of relations to the Divine, bringing in this case, power.

Such is the search of man for God ; for God is not closed. The doors of his being are not locked. His light is not shut up within his inner chamber. It breaks into the soul of those who hold up the right lense to focus its rays. The experience of the Almighty in man ! Who has not felt it ! Who has not thought to describe it, and yet stopped because of its transcendency over his speech ! God is the monosylla-

bic heading of our religious faith. He who was, and is, and ever shall be. Who is seen but indistinctly through a veil, yet more vaguely declared, and yet who is our hope and trust.

What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him? These parallel lines, this repetition of the same thought in two sentences, so common in the psalms, voices a query that has always had an interest to thinking humanity. What is man? The answers have been varied. They have oscillated like a swinging pendulum from the estimation that he is an almost brute to the ranking him as an almost god. We might look man in the countenance and ask him, Who and what are you? and our answer would be as varied as the changing moods which write themselves upon the face of man. We might require his feelings to report his nature, but emotions are variable and ebullitional. The answers of the past have been inspirational, the outgrowths of moods and feelings. The psalmist read man out of the surging tides of thought and feeling in his soul. Paul translated man from his own tempestuous and chained spirit. Carlyle condensed man in that word "duty," so emblazoned in burning letters on his spirit that his eyes could see nothing else in man. These moody answers are partial. We feel them imperfect. They show the limitation of their day. Buddha drew a rare portrait of life, but it was strictly Hindu. Jesus, great revealer that he was, voiced as universal what his own trusting soul saw and heard, and his thought

was born of feeling, its power is the amazing abundance and character of the truth, its limitation, its unfitness to some human conditions, and its occasional transcendency.

But the many centuries of failure have taught mankind a lesson. There are false and true methods of getting at truth. The search for truth about the mind or nature of man went astray during many centuries. The Greeks failed to use induction. They were not content to be fact gatherers and arrangers. Hence they never learned the infallible about nature or mind. The Jew failed to use the inductive method, and hence the Bible fails to reach either the final or the complete answer to this question, "What is man?" Whether the infallible be attainable is a question, but history has shown that the old method was the false, and the new method the true. What, then, is the method of studying religion? It is that employed in other realms. It is the gathering of facts, and the discovering what these as data teach. We must study man's nature and the environment in which he is placed in order to understand what his religion is to be.

Late thinking has arrived at a viewing of man which seems accordant with the facts and sensible. One summer night we watch the heavens. There seem countless stars, though three thousand is about the exact number visible. Astronomers tell us, however, that there are really almost countless stars in the heaven above; twenty millions in the Milky Way,

and millions of stars elsewhere. Stars are but suns. About each sun may revolve planets. We do not know the fact. Inference leads us to affirm it ; these planets are like this earth ; and the power that has crowned this earth with intelligence also crowns them, in their proper stage of development, with thinkers. Science states that the actinic rays of the sun, coming to this earth, are instrumental in the production upon it of harvests and fruits, animals and men. Inference leads us to believe that in the countless million rolling orbs of the heavens, the rays of these suns or stars produce in most of their planets fruits and grains, creatures that live, and creations that also think. The question emerges, "What is man?" and the answer comes. Man is the highest production of the planet earth. He is its choicest fruit. "And why art thou mindful of him?" Because he is part of my universe, the best that I have on yonder little planet ; he is more important than a drop of water, a grain of sand, or a mountain, a rainstorm, a bird, or a tree. For he is my vesicle of thought. The specialist has traced step by step the progress of the earth up to man. He can show that the lower members and the lower quantities and qualities of brain give place to the higher, till the stream of progress, which has flowed up hill, empties at the top peak into man.

And meanwhile we fancy that we hear behind us the the Divine Commander marshaling his hosts. Not with the whirlwind nor lightning, not with tossing sea, not in burning bush, nor in the still, small voice,

but breathing to the violet its beauty, and to the rose its fragrance, to the horse his power, and to the tree its fruit, and to man his consciousness—of a divine ruler, and the conviction of responsibility.

And, now for a word of authority! The voice of a saintly soul, such as introduces unto knowledge, and voices divine humanity, shall speak it. Jesus said: "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." It requires years to learn how to live. Life is always learning, they tell us. After seasons one discerns the advance step to be taken. The stride itself may occupy but a moment. Life is an eye-opening process through experience and time. Does God act? Strive and thou shalt find. Walk in the light of your eyes, with ears open, of your native sense, your judgment and your reason, of pure and spotless emotion, and beneath the brightly burning stars of your moral sense, and thou shalt behold God.

THE RELIGION OF HEALTH.

One of the gross Materialists made eating his religion. He believed in the religion of the dining table. His thought affects a smile. To reduce religion to victuals is indeed to attenuate reality into the shadow of a shade. But this unspiritual German seems after all much like an antiquary who should unearth from the ruins of some ancient city a broken statue. The toe has been severed from the body. He neglects the statue, and carries away the toe. He hastens to the National Museum in great jubilation, exclaiming, "Behold my discovery!"

It may sound crude ; but eating is part of religion. For food in the system is changed to power and warmth, and through this acquired self-sufficiency we live, and think, and feel. Pure air ! What a necessity it is ! How much more ozoned, and useful for man's organism, is the atmosphere of the North Dakota prairies, than the polluted lung supply of that even sea girted city, New York. We ought really all to live in the country. But this is impossible. We keep the nearest approximation to the perfect. We open our windows ; we have ventilators ; we regulate the temperature of the apartments ; we walk in Battery Park ; we ride in Central Park ; we stroll down Fifth avenue, or take an outing at Long Branch or Manhattan Beach.

Food and air operate upon the blood ; the blood is the great sustainer of life ; the blood moves through its rivulets within our system ; it carries its freight ; it does not stop at the dépôts, but it leaves its freightage ; a different package, composed of diverse ingredients, at every station ; no post office system is wiser than these red cheeked postal carriers of our interior service ; they do their delicate office, and we are full of health.

Nerves are necessary to life. All approaches from without come through the nerves. Disturb a nerve and you make imperfect nature's message to the soul. Cut a nerve, and you shut out a revelation from the external world, the flow of heat, or the power of motion ; it may be, you take from man the use of his limbs, or of his arms, or of the whole body ; injure the spinal cord and the whole frame is inert. Strike that central nerve, the brain ; perhaps you cause a movement of the muscles of the face ; you impair the eyesight ; you annul the higher powers of the reason ; more likely you destroy the life.

How requisite normal muscles ! Disuse a muscle, as the legs, from walking, and it changes to fat ; and the power to move and use it may disappear. Misuse the muscle, rend its texture and inflame it, and you can reach the same goal of helplessness only by another road. Muscles are needed for complete life ; we walk ; we swallow to feed our bodies ; we digest food, Muscles are workers in nearly the entire physical organism. Our advent to nature without us is through

the muscles, the movements of the arm, the graspings of the hand. Our muscles plant fields, build houses, construct city blocks, lay and equip railroads, frame ships, rear temples.

Muscles and nerves retain health only through the normal operation of the other more fundamental processes of the body ; if these functions fail to put into blood and brain, muscle, and nerve, the ingredients which make sound life, we attain neither the virtue of the body, which is its normal power, nor the happiness of the body, which is that feeling which we call health.

A most wonderful fact about the physical system is its coördination of powers. Its diverse functions operate in concord. Each relates itself normally to the other factors of life. Without beat of drum, or bugle call, or voice of command, this guard in the garrison of life performs its duty, and discipline rules within the fortress.

We recognize the limitation, the mystery, of life, that this body, like all other organisms, must die. It has its period of growth. Its measure is reached ; its framework becomes fixed in character. It has its period of manhood. It has its time of senetude, when slowly the gains are lost ; it has its hour of death. The body cannot live forever ; for it both makes and uses its own organs, and the organs wear out. Our thought is practical. We wish to consider only life, as it is, life of the earthly æon.

The preservation of this concord is the difficulty. You know how delicate the transformations of life,

How very slight the factor that may introduce discord and death. How a little putrefied matter inserted in the blood causes our demise. How poisons taken through blood or stomach end our existence. You recall how ways we live take from the life by slow degrees, till, like the sand grains, falling from the hour glass, at last the final drop of vitality is fallen. The world has foes to the flesh, and some stand out boldly, and we see them, and cognize them, but others are wolves in sheep's clothing, and we welcome them, until they betray our hospitality by stealing from us our life.

There is a hyper view that every injury is so much loss in the scale of life; that every scar stands for a second or an hour; that every pain means the loosening of existence. Not true, perchance. At least not demonstrable. And yet truer than your and my habit give it estimate. We act as if nature made absolute repair. Men drop prematurely out of life, on either hand, and inform us by their death that nature's work must end; she can help so much; she can assist no farther. Her reparation is only partial, and not so final as it seems. Some powers of the system are very strong; they have great recuperative ability. The damage done is mended so quickly. We are careless, reckless; we hope to escape, always, since often lucky, we forget that the reconstruction may not be complete; the result of our neglect may still exist in a not perceptibly impaired function, that may even carry within it the secrets of death. A thought prevails that man's

days are numbered, and that when the hour of his fate comes, the sickle of death reaps its harvest. The facts of the body tell us that men number their own days ; they give to themselves longer or shorter lives. We come, of course, under laws over which we have no immediate control ; the pestilence or the hurricane may destroy us. We come under the conditions of descent ; weaker or stronger bodies, longer or shorter lives, descend to us. Barring these limitations man numbers his own months. Many a man may record against himself : "The mistakes of my life have been many ; they have shortened my days. My habits of eating or drinking or sleeping or working have affected my length of life." Some days, one might record in his diary, "Lost today so many years of life." "Through such a course of action during so many months, lost so many years of life." The diary might state : "I could have lived to be eighty, but neglect of the religion of health closes my life prematurely," (at fifty or sixty). Many a person standing now at the decline of life utters this lament : "Oh, that I had viewed my body as a sacred temple ! Oh, that I had watched and guarded it with wisdom and unceasing care. That I had not abused it. These pains would not be ; this ill disposition ; I might have bodily, mental, and spiritual peace."

Forsooth, the thought prevails in many of our minds that the body is a wonderful instrument ; that nothing in nature or human invention is so delicate ; that many of its strings are so sensitive that more than the slightest touch will impair them ; that other

of its wires bend and recoil, and seem unhurt, but like the material bended wire, a process has begun that will one day break it. This mechanism is placed in our charge. We scratch it with sticks; we pound it with clubs; and then wonder that "the Lord" calls us to die at five-and-twenty, or that we feel sick, and notice that the best strength of life is already lost. One must be artist, indeed, to play upon this harp of life; one must be wise to execute amid its intricate strings; the zither should discourse the melodies of health.

Many cannot attain this boon of health. Heredity has malformed them. Laws are immutable; a mistake, somewhere, by some one, has bestowed misfortune. Brain, nerve, muscle, heart, or other organ is impaired; they cannot rival their neighbors, who pass them like giants in strength. We can make the most of the remnant of life; we can guard the disordered functions with a care, like that of a mother, and ease our limitations. "I cannot drink this cup. My neighbor can. It is poison to me. I can drink these nectars. I will extract from life many blessings. It shall be a melody of peace after all."

Sound bodies are the basis of the best development. There are apparent exceptions. Men of will sometimes accomplish wonders in spite of ruined physiques. Even the helpless sometimes exert great influence through the example of their patient endurance. We cannot create bodily powers. The simplest process of life is beyond us. The body from which the air is departed cannot stand erect alone. We could not reëm-

power lung, nor discharge a bodily function. We could not pass the food along the blood-rivers, and distribute it at the right places to build the tissues of the body. All this accomplishment is beyond our ability, or that of the Edisons or Tyndals. We do not have to do the work. It is done for us if we keep the laws of health.

We seek in bodily life, that it shall move in perfect unison, every power intact, in harmony with other forces. This is the boon of our seeking, health. Ponce de Leon searched in the new continent for the fountain of eternal youth. He did not find it. No man has ever, nor will ever find it. It is inconceivable that there be any such fountain. For body is mortal. Health is, however, practically this goal. The healthy man fulfills humanity's purpose day by day, and enters into this world's joy. And the summation of his life is complete. His normally working powers do also their life work painlessly.

There is a remarkable chapter in Richardson's "Diseases of Modern Life," in which he describes normal death, or euthanasia, which is as sleep. It is simply dropping into slumber. Like the calamity to the one hoss shay, it is instantaneous total collapse. It passes with muffled drum of ear, while the sensory sentinels of the brain are asleep. It is a passage in clear weather to the other shore. It is painless. Dr. Richardson himself has witnessed several examples of this peaceful death. Is not this last experience of health worth the pursuance?

Dr. Napheys, in "The Transmission of Life," advises that certain secret endowments of life be used only to add to the race. Mrs. Besant, in a book recently taken from the public at her wish because of its Materialism, taught the same restraint and only use. The book in question, widely read, lifted the burden of sensualism from many a poor working woman's head in England.

Absolute obedience to every known law of the body is our guide. Each must study his bodily life, in the light of what the masters of hygiene can advise him. He must know the latest and best knowledge about bodily life. Above all he can glean a deal of information by the way he lives. Supremely let him know that absolute purity is a livable norm. Many have lost apparently this faith. And that all must be used normally, in moderation. Let us be moral then; wise to know each minute law and condition; scrupulous to obey in entirety and minuteness these laws of health.

A sound body has a clear mind and an exalted spirit. The mind may be limited and undeveloped, but, be he woodsman, or banker, fisherman or poet, he is clear headed. Hercules may have his sins, and the spiritual life be full of idiosyncrasies, but, largeness of heart, and fairness of treatment, and freedom from the petty meannesses of action, are the traits of the strong in health; weed out the noxious plants, we have ideal humanity. There is a bodily basis for all experiences of the spirit. If we pray, it is this chest that expands, and these eyes that look upward, and this body that feels the aspiration for the Infinite. If

our strength is broken, the very contrast between our abject weakness and the Infinite power leads us to pray. If we reason, it is our body, coworking with our mind, that enables us to reach down into the past, and bring forth the memories of experience, and then correlate these facts. We are conscious of the action of the body at such a time. Nerve, muscle, stomach, blood, all are uniting their forces that the mind may be able to go out on its flight of reason. If we will, we feel this whole human system, pooling its strength that the total man may act effectively ; when we resolve to win in a life's supreme purpose, the normal and reserve powers are all consecrated. If we have an inspiration, we can note it as it approaches along the avenues of the nerves, perceive it jump off from the atoms of the brain into the purer atmosphere and flight of thought. If we hope, it is this body that helps our spirit hope. The thought of its strength gives us an earnest of attainment. Even the sins of health are cleaner than those of degeneration ; the low and the mean, the pictures of depraved fancy, and the treacherous schemings of the mind belong rather with the diseased, enervated body.

Was it the purity of the Jewish race that made them the seer ? Did not the games, the exercise, the care of the body of the Greeks, originate that splendid calibre of brain, which excelled in the product of art, literature, philosophy, political institutions, and general intelligence and culture ? Americans are fast livers. Americans are harshly treating their delicate

nerve endowment by their mad life. Are they not imitating the coarse creeds of the German, for instance? It is the bodily strong race that has always achieved the strong nation.

This might be called evaporated religion, the religion of the body, that clod of clay. But body was with us, when we first became conscious. It has been with us to the present. It will continue to accompany our earthly sojourn. We cannot divorce body from life. It enters every experience; it is a practical factor in all the human. Shall we drop the fancy that religion pertains only to the super-sensible and the mysterious? Shall we cease to consider that religion has alone to do with post-mortem life? Is not religion here if anywhere? Is not the regulation of the body part of religion? Is not religion practical? Does it not do with the present? Does it not seek the best solution of actual life? Does it not say that the best living of earthly existence is the ushering through the gates of death?

Religion begins at home. This tabernacle of flesh is more truly our home than any walls that we rear or carpets that may be laid. It is that intimate home from which there is no escape. The song of its inmates, or the babble of the jangling voices never ceases. The caress of their hands or the blows of their angry fists are the daily fellowship. It is a home which we build of strong timbers, so that it withstands many a storm, and abides many summers and winters, or it is a frail vessel, that the first strong breeze razes

to the ground. Mind is a mystery. It is a wonderful possession. But our body is a worthy physical counterpart of the spiritual reality mind. The care for the body is part of religion. A normal life as the basis of sound health, sound health as the foundation of a noble spirit, a noble spirit as the temple for a happy life, and the sublimer hope !

THE RELIGION OF THE MIND

Thoughts are simply descriptions of facts. They are attempted representation of things without us. They are new pictures of old realities. Mind makes a statue with its chisel, or paints upon invisible canvas with invisible colors a painting which represents to the soul that which has existence in space, weight, and color in the external world.

There are many kinds of facts. We call these rock, plain, mountain, lake, river, man, dog, house, hat, spade, farm, workshop, store, station, railroad, and city. These are single objects. Mind perceives also complex or groups of facts, such as, in *genre* groups, holy families, the solitude of prayer, the flood of hope, the consecrated hour, the lined human countenance of goodness or badness, the character studies of faces, postures, or deeds, the pitiful circumstance and the heart of mercy or the deed of relief, the greed in avarice, home scenes, the lover with his Juliet, the Saviour with his disciples, the benefactor with the helpless, the friend with friend, family visions, father and matron and children, the toddling babe, the merry schoolboy, the master and the miss, the son and the daughter, the pride of the aging parents' hearts, and battle scenes, paintings from active or still life, animal sketches, and landscapes. The mind itself par-

tially beholds and partially creates even higher kinds of facts, such as science, law, merchandise, theism, constitutions, monarchy, free trade, character, marriage, immortality ; honesty, honor, justice, reform, philanthropy. We need hardly pause to chronicle them. Halls, rooms, galleries, alcoves, and nooks, exist in this palace of wonders, the brain. These are storage chambers, where facts or rather their representations or pictures, may be placed. Mind is a gleaner. It gathers these facts in larger or smaller collections, in more perfect or oftener less perfect, aggregations. It is an imperfect gatherer. Some brains collect stones and rubbish, (or the mere dust of the passing atmosphere). This is literally true of the stone drawers, the street sweepers, the ashes men, and the scavengers. Others comprehend only seasons, seedings, and harvests, propagation of man or beast ; others, commercial exchange and social scandal ; others affairs of state, and politics ; or still others archæological, geological, botanical, astronomical, biological, and historical facts. The mind is also an arranger. It locates each painting in its true position upon the walls of its compartments. It distinguishes the facts, and then puts them in reception room or busy market chamber, or in recondite corner of the brain.

Our minds are like a mansion. We follow one of the many gravelled turf lined paths that lead to the porch. We enter the rich, massive door to the roomy hall. Rich, soft carpet is beneath our feet, heavily

wainscoted basal walls and delicately tinted upper plaster. Parlors are arranged around us, and the banquet chamber is beyond us. We mount the staircase. *Tête-à-têtes* are at the landings. Statues occupy the niches. We behold a herbarium; we pass rare vases. We reach the story. Yonder is the gallery of art, with paintings by the ancient masters, but more paintings by today's distinguished men of art. Yonder is a room with pottery from Pompeii, and Etruscan vases, Grecian urns, Venetian glassware, antique crockery, Majolica plate, Robbia terra cotta ware, Chinese porcelains, Japanese bronze jars, metal work, and Limoges and cloisonné enamels. The library is close at hand, with its rare books, and its richly bound vellums, its choice editions of the masters of art, poesy, and literature, its great backed volumes of lithographs and steel engravings, electrotypes, and photogravure copies. There are also card rooms, and billiard apartments, and lavender, pink, and blue bed chambers, and all the paraphernalia of the modern palace. Such is the mind. Facts enter at the doorway. Servants in livery receive them, and bear them away to the chambers where they belong. And then like Banquo's ghost the mind walks these corridors, sees the facts or their imperfect portraits on the walls or in their places, scans them, takes down the one it needs or would use, and brings it forth to life and action. This process it repeats daily, hourly, minutely. Or sometimes it walks around for contemplation, introspection, and consideration. As one walks the Louvre, or about the National

Gallery of London or Berlin. It sees them in aggregation, but stops at will and choice, and studies and restudies the old familiar faces, and the almost forgotten pictures. It refreshes thus its knowledge. It obtains from contemplation a larger command of its resources, an enlarged capability for action, and to contend with the opposing forces that may be encountered in life.

Once the outside world, a heaving sea of force and vibrating ether, produced its first impressions on our brains. Movements came through the nerves of my hands and of my feet and of my body surface ; through my optic nerve, and from the tossings of that tiny sea within the ear ; they surged at the brain like the rippling of wavelets on the shore of the ocean where many currents meet, an emptying river, a falling rain, oceanic currents, and counter winds. These pulsations at the threshold of the brain represented an outer world. The mind translated them ; read them into space relations, made out of vibrating, pulsing, rotary-whirling, or somehow moving nerve, the world of outside matter, faded grass, white snow, muddled streets, meadows, dingy barns, painted houses, white wind mills, hills, and hazy skies. Mind did this elementary work many years ago ; some say the action was instinctive, no more rational than the beaver's construction of his dam ; some say not ; they say that the babe feels upon the window pane, expecting to find the horses, dogs, streets, houses, plains, actually on the pane of glass ; they say that the babe must

first learn to judge of distance and to locate spatially. What matters it? The process is mystery, be it instinct or acquisition. It is a rather strange fact that the work once done has never needed to be repeated. It was made many years ago, but it has never needed to be relearned. It is today an unconscious process, probably automatic. We all see, not vibrating nerves, but snows and seas, fields and skies.

Doubtless there was a time when a human mind gathered the first fact. Later the fact found its first expression from human lips. The first minds, like the mind of a babe, learned a few individual truths; they passed from specifics to generals, from results to causes, from causes to schemes of causes. The unifying principle of truth watched the growing structure, threw out a stone here, and a jutment yonder, tore down a story, reconstructed it, razed the castle to the ground, rebuilt it until the edifice of which the first thinker laid the corner stone grew to its present height. This process is the usual mental method. Sometimes the mind groups spatially. It groups temporally as it deals with sequences. The hardware dealer, groceryman, dry goods merchant, and all the tradesmen have their varied range of facts. They gather information concerning states of trade, and amounts of stock needed to meet the future demand, new lines of business to be tried, old lines to be curtailed; they arrange their knowledge, and act accordingly. The drayman holds and relates his facts every time he loads his vehicle, and when he chooses the shortest

route to his destination. (This were preëminently true of the spider trails in North Dakota.) When he gauges and guards his horses' strength, when he tries to fill the day with labor and increase his wage. Every mistress of a palace or a hovel sees and relates her facts, in the management of home ; the one with her bread and cheese, the other with her retinue of servants and her service, and the viands to grace the courses of the dinner, and each as she considers her expense.

We gather facts of money, we combine them to the science of finance. We learn the facts of trade, and form political economy ; make from facts of soul, psychology ; from facts of matter, metaphysics ; from facts of rocks and earth deposits, geology ; of flowers, botany ; of shells, conchology ; of preparing skins of birds and beasts, taxidermy ; and thus with all the facts the human mind has gathered.

He who runs a wholesale grocery, and he who writes a drama, he who guides a mammoth clothing house, and he who writes a many chaptered novel, he who manufactures the varied range of sweetmeats and he who pens a poem, the banker and the scientist, the speculator and the philosopher, the insurer and the preacher, work according to a common method. As men have noses, arms, and legs, and hands, ears, and eyes, in somewhat diversity of shape and power, but of common function in each individual, we have minds that act with kindred capacities. The difference is in range, surroundings, and aims. The lowest process

and the highest process of the mind seem very much alike, as the flying of the eagle is like the flying of the sparrow. Life is a science, and we are all scientists. Life is a philosophy, and we are all philosophers.

We might note for a moment a power of the mind, that of planning. The mind learns, let us say, that every object of nature is a force, whose power may be relatively estimated. The stream flows to the ocean; it is strong enough (indeed much more than able) to turn the water wheel, which in turn furnishes more than strength sufficient to grind the corn, when it is placed in the hopper. Hence man plans to use the mill-stream to grind his corn; or for a recompense to grind his neighbor's corn, that he may obtain the means, as a professional miller, to live in luxury. The placer of the mill wheel lives adjacent to the forest; the mill wheel, he knows or reasons, may be utilized to whirl a circular saw, which will cut the guided logs into segments or into planks. He establishes a saw-mill, and his small beginning soon opens out into the larger endeavor after wealth, social position, or political prominence.

After centuries have passed, and men are numerous upon the planet, and many of them live no longer in the woods, by the streams, but crowd to the cities, a similar relationship is observed. Man is surrounded by certain forces, and he can and must utilize the one or the other of them, to obtain his livelihood, and if successful in this small beginning, then to acquire the larger resources and prominence desired. He becomes

a workman in the brass foundry, or the tin shop ; he learns the trade of blacksmith or carpenter ; he gets a situation as cash boy, bookkeeper, inventory clerk, shipper, train despatcher, salesman, ticket seller, bank teller, cashier, manager, is elected member of the board of directors, president, or other official in some corporation which conducts some one of the many forms of industry ; which act again is simply the detecting of forces, adapting one's self to circumstances, the utilizing of agencies to the furthering of individual prosperity, and later to the increase of aggregate social progress.

Mind is the great utilizer. After it has learned the ways of nature and of that artificial man-made nature, human society, the mind acts as an agent, in wisdom, and attempts to turn these forces to its own advantage. It utilizes their powers as a means to obtain therefrom physical sustenance, then wealth, and later larger and larger opportunities for accomplishment of the ends which men prize. This is what makes human progress. The merchant is not content to remain alone a merchant, but becomes investor in real estate, or in stock of the manufactory, or of the bank, director of the building association, or the life insurance company, church trustee, prominent at the club, magister of a secret society ; and this uniting of force with force, and power with power, makes him state senator, or member of the house of representatives ; and at last begets to him a costly cenotaph, and the inscription : " His works do follow him."

The highest process of the mind without a body would be that of thinking (or feeling). The range of facts might be as broad as the present. We might know them as intimately. It would be only knowledge. Mind could not act. We fancy, for example, a very wise mind. It knows the facts of trade. It understands those basal facts of figures that underlie exchange ; it knows the mercantile conditions of traffic, and the kinds and values of varied commodities. It understands farming, and baking, and building, and trading, and banking, and insuring, and doctoring, and lawing, and arts, and letters, and music, and science, and philosophy ; its knowledge is as broad as exists today, but it is merely mental knowledge. The mind has no hand or other instrument with which to execute. It is knowledge and knowledge only ; the mind is helpless, it can do absolutely nothing. As one who stands and watches the clouds gather in darkness ; he hears the winds sound a wild alarm to humanity that flies before its coming, but he and they are absolutely impotent to stay the storm or direct its course. As one who stands before Niagara, and is so wise that he can estimate the volume of the river, the rate of the fall, the amount of the force with which the flood strikes at the base of the cliff, but cannot dam the torrent ; the mind without a body would be helpless.

How strange that men despise the body ! How they ought to honor it ! Body is executor of mind. Without a hand, we could not bake nor sew. We could not

chisel nor build; we could not hunt nor fish; we could not seed, nor plough, nor harrow, nor harvest; we could bring no produce to the town; we could not manufacture; we could not sell eggs, nor flour, nor butter, nor bread; nor caps, nor coats, nor shoes, nor shawls, nor laces, nor umbrellas, nor robes, nor carriages, nor traction engines, nor other hand made power. Without an ear, man could not hear the sounds of nature and imitate them, as in speech or music; with the hand he preserves the song or symphony, the idyll or the epic. Without an eye, he could paint no landscape, nor carve a bas-relief, but the hand must aid the eye. Without a tongue, he could not give expression to his thoughts. He could not converse, nor make the public speech. He writes his letters and orations with his hand. With his brain, he gains the force that enables him to think, but with his hand, he puts his thought in enduring form. Such is the human hand; so necessary in life, this great executor of mind.

Men use extravagant language in describing the mind. We would not overestimate it. They clothe their descriptions with the coloring of the imagination until we almost call a man a god because he has a mind. Mind becomes the astounding power, which words cannot fitly describe; the brush of the painter and the pen of the poet fail even to suggest, about which the tongue of the orator prates, but never equals. Mind is like the moon at night or the sun as it sets behind the western hills; it has glories which no form of human picturing can represent. Our fit-

ting action is to sew our lips, and steel our hearts, expand our lungs, and stop our brains, sigh, and wonder. One reads descriptions of the mind and stands ready for almost any cataclysm. A genii was inclosed in a flask in the Arabian tale ; a foolish man took out the cork, and the spirit rose, like a cloud, until the whole horizon was filled with its grotesque members. Mind is such a power ; we await breathlessly almost any change. We expect to see the flesh spread, burst, and vanish, and we hope to see the mind engirth the earth, take the north wind for its breath, and the heaving lava of the depths for its brains. Mind is translated out of the world of the sensuous to the super-sensuous, out of personality to the boundlessness of the Infinite, out of the local to the omnipresent in our hero worship of mentality.

Great accomplishments are made in these modern days. Thought is transported in five minutes or less around the globe. An intellect before a desk operates great results in many places on the planet. Is mind alone the author of these works ? A child sits at the key board in New York, touches lightly with her finger, and blows up the bottom of Hell Gate, or fires a cannon at the Sandwich Islands, at San Francisco's Golden Gate, in London, or Pekin. What a wonderful triumph of mind ! Mind has made a great achievement. But what of electricity ? Was not electricity an important factor in the deed ? Without electricity or some external agent, the mind could not fire simultaneously three cannons in a city block.

There comes a time in every life when we lay down these mortal frames, and our souls fall back into the custody of the Infinite Spirit. The years are gone. The manual skill lies with its implements in the tomb. The soul is stronger than it was. It has a will more firm, a knowledge vaster, a wiser way of living, possibly. We leave our grand, worn out implements behind us, our means of accomplishment, our abilities to do, and did you ever think the thought? The mind of man passes to the father in absolute helplessness, weaker for action than the tiniest infant at its mother's breast, breathing its first breath of life.

In life, then, one gathers facts concerning veal and pork, and lamb, and sausage, and eggs, and game. Another gathers facts concerning collars, and neckties, and shirts, and studs, and sleeve buttons. Another gleans his information of laws, and decisions of courts. Another thinks of remedies, lotions, learns the anatomy of the human frame, where to cut and not to kill. Thus we all are learners through a common method, though in varied realms.

And then we all are useful. We practice. One builds a house; another builds a trade. One builds healthy bodies; another character. One makes the laws; another executes them. Our hand is the agent in writing or in doing, or setting causes at work that produce results larger than the hand alone could make; dredging a channel, or running a mammoth press. We all work with a like method, though in varied realms.

The human mind remains the same in these pro-

cesses. Mind is like, in the philosopher or butcher, in the farmer or botanist, in the sea captain or astronomer, in the mother or the fisherman, or in the babe or gray-haired sage. It always has its double functions. Its knowing and utility factors. In its first realm, it lives the purely mental. It is simply a knowing machine. It gathers its facts from immediate perception and from memory. Mind is a machine that detects relations. Certain facts belong together. Mind puts them side by side. It combines ideas. It systematizes. It plans. This is purely knowing.

But mind, again, is capable of being useful. It is correlated with brain, and hand, and other physical members. It has a grip through these upon the universe. It can shape the plateau of earth. It can arrange forces, making wonderful inventions and metamorphosing human life. It can change its knowledge into action. Thus, mind, which of itself is merely a learner, through the aid of the hand, and the brain, and the members, becomes a builder of cities and manufactures, and railroads; a distributor of commodities, a former of constitutions, and the elaborate interlacings of a government, the maker of civilization.

The field of action is as broad as our functions and our members; is as broad as our faculties and their possible activities; and as broad as the arena of human life. To be sure, life has widened with the centuries. There was once a day when a man could live himself all the ranges of human activity. Our predecessors could fish and hunt, marry, eat, build wig-

wams, and cook meat, talk about most commonplace affairs, have a narrow range of feelings and of thought, and die. The sphere of human life was very limited ; each one could live the whole. The chart of life had not outgrown the individual. But now all this is changed. Excelling in individual lines, descendants, building achievements upon the excellencies of their fathers, great advances have been made in a hundred, ten thousand, or a million lines of human action. Civilization is much broader than the individual, as the ocean is wider than the spring which constitutes the river's source. It were as easy for man to play football with the stars as to live civilization.

The field is broader than our possible activity, but not broader than the racial power to do. One cannot live the modern chart of life ; yet the aggregate man is doing what the individual fails to do. Individuals work. They perform their peculiar line of action, each in his own sphere, and all together live the modern scope of life. In our peculiar civilization, John is a carpenter, James a cartwright, Ida a domestic, and Elizabeth a queen. George sails the surface of the deep. Thomas dives to the bottom after pearls. Alexander explores the interior of dark continents. Henry is a king. James is secretary of state. Peter is priest. Michael, Jeremiah, and Jonas are engaged in dry goods, groceries, and clothing houses ; yet all in aggregate produce the varied trade in the great city. Their works intertwine, and all together live the modern scope of life. The many men of many

minds compose the civilization of which we are so proud. And all combined make the wheel of life roll up the hill of progress.

Given our minds, what is their religion? Is it not their normal use in this double function of thinking and of utilizing? Given our minds and this acquired experience, given these channels of communication with the external world, and the power of shaping and changing its conditions, what is the true life other than the using of these minds, up to their capacity? What is it other than transmuting our thoughts and plans to deeds?

Mind is an endowment. It is a power that is ours. We did not make it. It came to us at birth, and it has grown with the years. In religion, we take the power intrusted to us, and make it do its best, most useful work. We take it and apply it to the furthering of the plans of the universal Spirit, and the amelioration of man.

Shall we not admit that he is mentally religious, who does his task with all his might of mind? that religion of the mind, is normal using of the mind?

THE DUAL NATURE—BODY AND MIND.

One of the efforts of thought has been to locate the soul. It has been diversely placed. Critias, the Athenian, made the blood the seat and substratum of the soul. Plotinus, Tertullian, and Ulrici, agree in this particular that it is extended throughout the body. A German, Wagner, made it an ether in the brain. Descartes thought it unextended, having its point of contact with the body at the pineal gland of the brain. La Mettrie makes it nothing but a function of the organism.

Modern thought can approach the question through the body and its nervous system. Nerves center in nerve ganglia, from which proceed reflex action. The ganglia for taste, hearing, sight, and smell, are in the base of the skull in the sensory ganglia. There are two great ganglia near the spine in the abdominal cavity, for the intestinal canal. There are ganglia for the heart and for the organs of reproduction. These are the centers for purely reflex action, that need not be related to self-consciousness. Are they the seat of the soul? There appears to be no sufficient reason for placing the soul at either of these points.

Where shall we locate the soul? We would scarcely place it at the sole of the foot, nor at the arch of the foot; we would scarcely place it at the knee pan, nor

at the cup-like cavity, where the leg moves about in its socket. No reason exists for putting it in the stomach, nor in the liver. It is a beautiful analogy by which that organ, which distributes the warm blood throughout the system, is used as synonymous with the soul. He is a man of heart, we say, meaning, he is a man of soul, but when we remember that the heart is only a remarkable pump we scarcely find argument for locating the soul at the heart. The soul has not its residence at the lungs. Would we place it at the membrane? (Only blood corpuscles are there). Or is it within the sacks of the lungs? (Wind is the only occupant.) The soul is in the eye, the soul is in the mouth, the soul is in the ear, the soul is in the cheek, —all are untenable hypotheses. A plausible opinion remains that the soul is in the brain.

But the brain already has an occupant, the mind. Man points to his head to answer the question, Whence is my thinking? His own thinking reveals this location. When he is tired, he can feel his brain think. The unscientific races have known that the head was the thinker, and not the stomach, nor heart; history has been one in putting the thinking in the head; and science has corroborated this sentiment. The increasing size or character of brain in the varied creatures of the animal kingdom has shown the fact. The knowledge of the nervous and muscular systems of man centering at the brain has made the fact more certain.

The dweller of the brain is the mind; the ground seems occupied. Has the brain two occupants? Does

one go out, that the other may come in? Does the other seek egress, when the first makes ingress? Is there a hole in the skull where the soul can go and sit, when the mind wishes to be active? Does the mind seek this hole when the soul would act? Or, like the fancies of the schoolmen, where two angels dance upon a common needle's point, are they both residents of one locality? Does one go to sleep while the other acts? And does it awake when its time for working comes? Do they become inactive and unconscious intermittently? We fancy not. The brain has an occupant; that inhabitant is the mind. Where is the soul?*

Or there may be no soul at all. Much of modern thinking gravitates to this position. There is no soul; when we speak of soul, we only mean a higher process of the mind.

We are mind and body. There is the outer envelope of skin, there is the inner framework of spinal column, two well hung members, capable of oscillation, on which our bodies stand, two pendant members, which swing and rotate on the extremities of the lesser arm of a Greek cross, and the crown to the frame work, the skull; and there is the inner padding of nerve, muscle, heart, arteries, lungs, and digestive organs,

*Some argue that the soul is an ether, or like an ether distributed through the body. Possibly then when you cut off a leg, you cut off a part of the soul. They tell great stories about a dismembered leg, buried in the ground, chancing to lie in a cramped position, and the former owner suffers great pain until the grave is opened, and the leg placed in an easy attitude. Barring this leg argument, neither self-consciousness nor other reason exists for the extension of the soul throughout the body.

which are the organs of life. As all roads lead to Rome, this complex system centres at the brain. The brain is the place of wondrous happenings. A power resides there which recognizes all the members from the hair of the head to the nails on the feet, as mine. It transmutes matter into thought, and nerve movements to revelations of the external world ; and long after the movements have occurred, recalls them through memory, and sees them anew as mine. This mind puts fact with fact and is a reasoner ; and through this reason becomes wise ; it moves out in increasing orbits, comprehending world and universe, until, like the star-gazing Kepler, it thinks God's thoughts after him. Mind and body constitute the man. Include in body all it should inclose ; unite in mind all that it rightfully comprehends, and take the sum, and you have the man ; there is nothing left to grace with the name of soul.

Yet one often stands before mysteries. These are hard to understand, powers of the mind. Everything mysterious man has called soul. In former days, before the natural line of approach to understanding man had been reached ; before they had found that wondrous avenue through branching nerves and muscles to the brain, much more of mystery was found in man than at the present day. So much was incomprehensible that the soul had an ample field, which belonged to it. As bodily and mental processes have become better understood, the field for soul seems narrower. Yet feelings and longings, impressions and

convictions, and loves remain, and these are called the soul.

Sometimes the standpoint of the feelings alone is the way to describe the soul. We feel. Impressions come through the nerves. The moral and immoral acts of others make us feel. We unite our feelings by classification ; this emotional nature of man is his soul. Or the moral sense is the soul. Man has such a sense. He feels a distinction between right and wrong. This discernment between right and wrong, or impression toward the right, is present in all his activities. It exists, as he relates himself to God, to neighbor, or self. There is the old triform classification of man, body, soul, and spirit ; and there is the more recent(ly prevailing) analysis. Body and mind. The later view includes in mind all that was formerly called spirit. What we call soul is simply another, perhaps higher, process of the mind.

The movement of a nerve is translated into a perception, a thought ; but the moving nerve is often accompanied by the warning of the external foe, and is translated into a pain. An individual speaks ; the voice of the individual produces an effect upon my ear, and through my ear to the brain, and is translated into a thought ; but the individual speaking colored his tones with his passion, and I translate it not merely to a thought, but into an emotion. Who was the translator? Was it in the case of the thoughts, the mind? in the instance of the feelings, the soul? We fancy not. There was but one agent. We give

the agent whatever name we will. Men usually call it mind. Soul reduces to certain processes of mind. For matter of practical convenience, and under the customs of speech, which have come down to us from the past, we use the expression, to describe these processes, soul. It is like the phrase heart, which is merely a term of practical convenience, and not an exact thought.

There is the physical and the higher nature. The physical has pains, which the higher translates. The higher has feelings peculiar to itself, but these are not the sensibilities of a third entity, but simply of our higher being. One of these ways to feel is the moral sense. But the moral sense is part of this higher nature at the brain, which sometimes is thinker, sometimes feeler, anon conscience. Is not this the true conception of what we are? We are body and we are mind; but our mind can do more than reason; it can feel; and it can feel that exalted emotion and impulse to righteousness. We are simply body and spirit, but a body of which we may well be proud, and a mind that is worthy of esteem. We can see ourselves in simpler, clearer light. The old, uneven, misty mirror of the past may be laid aside, and in its place we may substitute the modern pier-glass, where we can see ourselves in clean cut outline. We hold our analysis in our hands. We have in the right digits, body; in the left, mind. We can distinguish them. We can place in the right hand the experiences that belong there, those of the corporeal mechanism,

and in our left hand, the many activities of the mind. This is a key to a common sense viewing of self. Instead of an incomprehensible somewhat, before which our only fitting action is to gaze in simple astonishment ; we are a story, the plot of which any child can learn ; we are dual, body and mind.

It is sometimes said that all true explanations are characterized by simplicity. Where there is a multiplicity of words, and no clear cut distinctions, we have no knowledge, or, at least, partial ignorance. A man hews down a tree. If he hew in the day time, he makes a few incisive, telling strokes ; if he hew in the night, he cuts wide of the mark ; if we are mind and body, we have two clearly defined objects of vision, and as distinct a line of cleavage between them. Does not the duality correspond with the latest insight into the facts ? The body and the brain ; and the mind. The material organism with its processes ; and a mysterious power which grips them into unity, in self-consciousness, as mine ; to the mind belongs its thoughts, and these are recognized as more intimately personal and mine than are the bodily functions ; the vibrations or feelings which come to me through the nerves are recognized as warnings from the body—to me ; and the higher feelings, as aspiration, trueness, love, which seem more purely personal ; and then the dependence of this body and brain and mind upon their environment, since they are part of the world's forces, and the laws under which they act ; and the, in limited range, to be sure, independence and freedom

of the will. Does not this seem the wiser interpretation of man? .

No change results from such a theory in our moral duties and relations. No obligation is released, no law abrogated. We will heed the law of gravitation as formerly. The laws of health will need to be observed. Mental springs and processes are unmuted. The quivering nerves change to consciousness, and teach the same old lessons that they have ever inculcated. The moral sense abides. The touch of the Great Spirit is in us. Our civil relations to State, society, home, religion, are as they ever were, and our mystic relations, to the good, the true, the beautiful, to God, and the ideal, are as imperative.

The question of immortality is not greatly altered. "I expect to live again," the ancient thinker said. "Why?" they asked. He asserted : "Because I have a soul." "I hope, too, to live again," the modern thinker says. We ask the question : "Why?" He answers : "Because I have a mind." I have a power that receives messages from the outside world, but it is a distinct power, that is self-conscious, which, having framed its plans, can execute them, and can assert itself against the outside world, because it can put itself in right relations to the outside world, and let its benefits accrue to it ; I, having an ego, trust that it can survive death; being a thinker, trust that the Great Thinker will permit me to survive ; yea, that this mind is able, or will be permitted, or both, to endure the wreck of its instrument, the body, and live again.

No great worth is lost, and we think a gain is made. We might define religion as the right relation of our powers to the universe ; our powers are mind and body ; the arena is the world in which we live. How do we purpose to use this mind and body in life ? This, as we understand it, is the sum and substance of all religion. If we relate these powers thoroughly and well, we are religious ; if there be aught else, as experiences, joys, and comforts, these are simply the natural accompaniments of such living.

We think that the modern world has made a great advance. We hold our subject so much better in hand. We know what we are doing. Modern thought comprehends the forces of nature and the conditions of society better than in the past. And modern thought, in the line which we have in hand, understands man's nature better. It has two simple keys to unlock the two doors which enter the temple of man. Man enters the one room and keeps it neat and wholesome and healthy, the room of the flesh. He goes into the other room, drives out the evil spirits, lets in the good, and throws out the rickety chairs, and puts in durable, intellectual furniture, the room of the higher nature. While in the out life he endeavors to have a healthy, strong implement for action ; while in the other life, he strives to gain breadth of understanding and height of character. And religious life becomes in hand. It is keeping the eye upon these known powers of our being, and the nourishing and growing them to their natural development. The truly religious man recog-

nizes these dual powers. He says, I will use them ; I will employ this mind. This is the method of his life. Of course, there are times when one tires of the purpose in his body ; perhaps he misuses it against the laws of health, or lets it loll in laziness ; but this is not the method of his life. His mind proves at times unsatisfactory. He is tired of planning and thinking ; he ceases to employ his mind, and drifts in the current of events, taking life mentally easy, letting his circumstances shape his life. Or else he dissipates with his mind, day-dreaming in his boyhood, wasting his powers in fruitless action. But this is an event, and not the custom of his life. He lays aside his moral sense at times ; acts as though no distinction existed between right and wrong, sows wild oats, indulges in lower nature, in one or the other kinds of vice, or lives aimlessly, morally lazily, caring naught for God or right acting, living simply as the circumstances suggest. But these again are incidents and not the routine of his life. These are moments of unhealth in life, like the deranged functions of the body ; men do at such time what does not belong to their real moral habit, being free agents to prevent such doing, they yet act immorally.

The religious man is an artist. He sees with his mind's eye a beautiful conception. It is not perfect. But it is the best that his times and his faculties and trained abilities enable him to vision. It is quite a glorious picture, this scene which represents what his life ought to be. He tries to execute the picture. He

does the best he can. He does not measure quite to his inner painting, but he does better than if he had not tried at all. There may be those who conceive grandly, and execute very closely to the scope of their conception. Most of us conceive but imperfectly, and fail to equal our perception. There are those who claim to live the perfect life, but the facts of their living indicate quite clearly that they overestimate their own executions; or that they conceive very crudely what the perfect life should be.

Most of us lose at times the sense of mission in our lives; we live as though there were no purpose in our being. We are simply beasts that chance to be; we seem to say, Let us live like beasts. But this, we think, is not our noblest nor our truest thinking; it is not the thought of the religious. There is a mission in our lives, we rather say. We do not see it clearly. It may be alone for this life. But no one can tell us with certainty. We have these double powers; body and mind; they are great efficiencies; their capacity convinces us that they were purposed; they have a work to do on earth. I will accomplish it. And the man energizes his body and his mind as best he can for the benefit of home, of State, for this generation and the next; for the benefit of those other thinking, breathing creatures, his fellow men.

Man finds himself in life in mysterious surroundings. He has left his Europe, the banks of his birth. It is the fifteenth century. He is on the ocean of life; he is sailing westward. He does not know very much about

life. It may be that his ship is doomed to wreck. It may be that the beating waters of that ocean will make her spring a leak at last, and that she will go down. It may be that her timbers will be dissipated, and, landing on the shore, will return to the dust from whence they came. This may be life. This may be all that there is in life. Who can tell? Perhaps this ocean has no farther shore. It may reach a place where the waters drop to a fathomless abyss. Our bark moves onward to that Niagara. The day comes we will plunge as our fathers plunged before us. So a certain range of thought utters; but another statement replies: I agree with you in part. There are fogs on the sea of life, and we cannot see the further shore. I also cannot see a foot before my face at times. It is typically the fifteenth century. Whether there be another continent or not, is somewhat questionable. I have never seen an individual who has gone to that beyond shore and brought back a narration of the place. We are on an ocean sailing for an unseen harbor. Only the heaving seas of life are viewed, and no land is in sight. But I hope. Somehow, I think that we shall reach a destination. What is within me inspires hope. I shall reach another life, and renew the thoughts, activities, and friendships of this world. If there is a God, and I feel there is, and He is the natured God I think He is, He will give an opportunity for another life.

Man is coming to a simple and a natural religion, in which the body will be regulated and the mind trained and used. Man will use his body according to its laws

and strength. He tries to think normally, naturally, truly, according to all the facts, not perverting with the dark seeing of a misanthrope ; nor coloring highly with the false sight of an enthusiast. He tries to live the moral sense, following that impress of his nature that leads him to do the noblest that he can.

These are the coming days of the new religion, characterized by simplicity, naturalness, power, and character ; where religion is natural and normal living ; where man is true to himself ; where he strives for the noble goal, the fulfillment of his own mission, where he becomes all that this world permits him to be. Man will stand before the mirror in these future days and see himself as he is. He will appreciate his bodily frame ; his higher nature will be shining through his eyes. He knows that reality through consciousness. And when he leaves the glass, he will not, like the man James describes, go, forgetting what manner of man he was ; but rather remembering his nature, he will execute with these endowments, worthily and well.

THE WILL AND ITS USES IN RELIGION.

There are many manifestations of power. None is more apparent than the flash of ziz-zag lightning from horizon to horizon. We see it at night, and it seems to spring from nothing, light from darkness. It is one appearance of puissance, the more perspicuous, the more terrific, the more cataclysmic ; so visible, so potent, so portentous, that it is seen of all men ; it needs no demonstration. It says : " I am ; no one dare doubt that I exist."

One finds in the flowing river another form of force. One looks upon the face of the stream, and it is like a view of the human face ; the power lies beneath the surface ; it is not clearly seen. The majestic river flows so smoothly and silently that one doubts whether it flows at all. One may glance at the current and not know in which direction it moves ; yet if we place our boat upon its bosom, and lie down upon the cushion, the trees glide away on either side behind us ; twigs and sticks, the orange peel and the apple float by our side ; the great raft moves seaward at our right ; the wheels of the mills upon the banks are turning. The current of the stream bears us slowly, steadily onward. We find that it has power. He who cares to make a demonstration may discern that the water moves ; he who cares for demonstra-

tion may discover that it exerts power as it moves ; he who cares to make the comparison may learn that it has a force commensurate with the lightning ; the flashes in the heaven may be more apparent, and seem the greater destructiveness, but they have a rival, even to the accumulations of a storm, in this smoothly flowing river.

Men are like the river ; they are like the lightning.

One day, many centuries ago, a man in the strength of middle age might have often been seen walking in a Roman via. He was a Roman dude. He wore his tunic in graceful folds. He sauntered, as if void of ambition, and indifferent to the desires of life, save only the more maddening and grosser forms of pleasure. He is like the night, when the stars are bright, and only a few fleecy clouds cross the heavens ; power is not apparent. All is still and quiet, as if from weakness. But, a change comes in Cæsar's life. Catiline plots. Cæsar's dormant ambition awakes. The fop and the roué change to the man of plans ; he becomes the man of destiny, since he metamorphoses to the man of potency. It is a great transformation. Cæsar becomes as the lightning ; his might is seen of all men and no one can doubt his greatness. The nephew of Julius was more sedate and moral than his uncle. He was a statesman and a lover of peace. His power was worthy to compare with that of his uncle. Like the deep flowing river, it moved on and accomplished its prolonged and well-directed mission in life. The

reign of Augustus was the greatest that Rome ever had. It would be indeed a pleasure to contrast these two men, and discuss which was the greater genius, the massive, uncontrollable, impetuous Julius, only surpassed in eloquence by Cicero, and rivaled in generalship alone by Pompey, and this quieter, better regulated, wise Augustus. But this is not our purpose. Rather we draw attention to the fact that both have proven to the world that man is an ability, that within the six feet in height and the two in breadth, and one in depth, or, since the brain is the man, within the handful of cerebral matter, resides a potency that can be mighty as the storm or river. As one looks at the mountain and cannot doubt that he sees strength, one looks at Julius, and knows that he sees strength; as one views the ocean and beholds power, one beholds Augustus, and looks on power. The two Cæsars of themselves prove that man is a great individual efficiency.

The fact is broader than the Cæsars; it is broad as man. How often have we stood and viewed some fragile figure, with bones like pipe stems, and the skin like paper loosely rolled around the bones. We have said that the physique does not furnish force. We have seen a face, with retiring chin, a little fat lump for a nose, wavering eyes, and sloping forehead, and have said, the face is not an index of strength. But a crisis has come; that great Hercules of a husband, like Sampson shorn of his power, is prone on a bed of sickness. The knife must be used. A critical

operation must be performed. Who will assist the surgeon? Who will hold the members while the knife enters the flesh? Who will staunch the blood as it flows from the wound, and hold together the lips of the arteries as the doctor ties them? "I will," the little weak woman says; and without a nervous tremor, or a moment's flinching from the task, she assists the surgeon. What if reaction does come? What if hysteria appear? What if she tremble and faint after the task is done? What if she be helpless for days? She demonstrated in these moments of self-control that she possessed will and individual persistency. But the little woman shows her force not alone in the climax, this lightning moment of her life. She also manifests it in her every day existence. She exhibits a will and personal force in the preparation of the daily meals, the care of the home, the entertainment of friends, and all the other incidents of living. All the human race possess the capability to plan, and all lay their plans, large or small, and, more or less, fulfill them; and, as they all persist in more or less degree in those pursuits, all thus demonstrate that they have will. Beneath the surface of their face, so calm and passionless, flows a river of energy.

What matters the name by which we grace it? Philosophy calls it mind, when it wishes an inclusive term. Sometimes we name it personality; when we are thinking of its existence as distinct from all things else. Or as men speak sometimes of the lash, and sometimes of the body of the whip, we denominate it

will. Religionists call it soul. Earliest thought believed that the spirit was in the breath ; when it departed the spirit of man went to another place of life. Later thought has discarded the breath hypothesis, but continues to designate man's higher nature, (that which is above matter), as spirit.

Life flows in such monotony and smoothness that we often say there is no higher will power. We rise from bed in the morning, wash and dress ; we have our breakfasts, dinners ; we walk daily to and from the trade ; we have our run of work, the buying and the selling ; it brings the wonted conversations on the same old themes ; we talk about them in the same old way ; we tell those witty stories, which hail from Ireland, that had their prototypes in the palmy days of Greece, that had their origin, who knows where, in mists of antiquity, and which have often served as "the new story which I would like to tell." We undress at night ; we lie down to slumber ; we say, what of this higher energy ? We look at human life. It seems as if there were no will nor personality. Life seems like a brook, flowing above the pebbles ; the carmine stream of life flows over the pebbles of the brain. Life, in a broader thought, is like a river. All things flow as Heraclitus taught, and we are creatures of circumstance, what we are because of where we are. But let us look a little deeper. We scan the surface. The surface may deceive us. There may be power behind this seeming impotence ; there may be regulating will, where none at first appears.

The merchant behind his desk, the banker in his private room, the representative in his seat, the senator at his chair, the president with the gavel in his hand, reveal through their action and their forms and faces not so very much of power. A mysterious influence goes from their forms ; a few deep lines characterize their countenances. But we look beneath the surface ; a stream, steady and strong, is flowing ; stronger than seems from the exterior ; it has flowed for many years ; and yonder on the banks of the brain it has left its residuum of the facts and experience and knowledge for memory and reason and heart to use. Thus the surface deceives us. How marvelous rather is the patience and perseverance of humanity. How zealously, and untiringly, and minutely these men have worked. The men are strong, stronger than their faces, stronger than their dignified bearing reveals ; they are of mightier conquest than even their speech made at the crisis depicts ; they might meet a score of diverse crises with the same greatness and success. For, through these years, this higher persistence has moved and built them ; this higher strength has ripened until they are proofs to the discerning eye that an incommensurable equipment exists in man. Thus we look behind the mask of skull and face, and behold an active brain ; the innocent looking merchant is a planner for mercantile success. The scholar burns with the fire of insatiable ambition. The old man is the concentered influence of many well wrought years. The adult spurs himself to broader activities. The

youth is entering the first delightsome struggles and successes.

The type of will seen in ordinary life is like the river, strong and steady, but its power not clearly visible. It flows patiently and steadily, day by day, and year by year, and like the persistently progressing river, is a competency. We note the fact and the norm ; a sufficiency of will usually appears to meet the needs of life. Just as air and food supply force, as body gives strength for daily mental action, our physical system supplies will sufficient for the trade, or thought, or daily cares of life. About as much of will appears in common life as there is opportunity or necessity for action of the will, for the regulation of stocks in trade, the barters, and sales, the chitchat, and the social and political adventures. If more of will were needed, perchance, more of will would then appear.

There is a higher manifestation of power than that of ordinary life. It emerges at the crises of life when its presence is needed. Man has a reserve power ; to behold it we need the occasion to bring it forth. Julius Cæsar was the man of an emergency ; his dormant strength became actual, like a lightning gleam when his career began ; the weak woman showed her sublimer traits in the moment of need at the great crisis, when the one of her heart lay prostrate. And thus in the great hour, heavy with the fates hanging in the balances, when there is a mustering of the foes against us, there is something in man, which, like a drum

beat, or a bugle's blast, calls to arms, and all there is of personal power in him rises to meet the difficulty. This is the reserve power of the soul.

This reserve power is very strong. It seems practically unconquerable. You can increase the burden; the will increases strength. You increase the attack; the will increases its defense. You cannot break the human will, when it wills not to be subdued. The martyrdoms for the varied causes have shown the fact; fire, sword, pestilence, persecution, torture, are inefficient. Bring him to starvation's verge, but he will not yield. You can take from him wealth, power, influence, and he is firm. Make him blind, still Milton writes his poems; make him deaf, and Beethoven composes his symphonies. You can stretch him on the bed of sickness at the verge of death, and he will not surrender this prerogative; he will not change I will not to I will. Such is the reserve power which men possess. Such will strength, such higher strength, we believe is universal. All possess it; although some may think that they do not. To use an illustration! Woman is weaker than man. She is less of stature and of girth, she cannot walk so far, she cannot run so fast, she cannot strike so hard, she cannot work so long, her arms are not so strong, nor her muscles so large and powerful as those of man; and yet, they say, that woman, weak woman, if you put her where this higher nature is called in play, view her at a shipwreck, or by a bed of sickness, or some other crisis, and for patience and endurance she can excel

man. Whence comes her strength? Where does she gain her superiority? Of course, blood furnishes power. But is it nothing but the trickling of blood through the molecules of the brain? In these moments of necessity, the powers of the soul flash like the lightning in the sky to reveal to us the strength of human nature. Men sometimes strive to sound the depth at sea, but they cannot test the distance to the rocky bed beneath; there almost seems to be no bottom to the sea; one sometimes thinks of such an unfathomable abyss, when one views the reserve power of man

Will is human energy in the act of execution. It is a well-known truism that the body supplies all our strength, whether it is muscular, nervous, or mental. The babe has little strength of either variety. Her nerves are sound, her muscles in their places, her brain potentially only capable of thought, her will intact. Will is the more manifest power in infancy. Babes assert their desires. They will have it their way or none at all.

In its first form, will is merely animal energy. It represents simply the ability of the animal man (body, brain, mind, soul) to do. The will of the boy is his puissance manifested in his endurance, his grit, his alertness, his memory, his quickness, to see a way of execution, and then his promptness and actual accomplishment of the difficulty or deed. This is the first will, the body force, controlled by the mind's astuteness, like a horse driven by a more or less skillful driver; this is our will, strength. The weak will is

merely the organism not possessed of much capability of achieving the needed accomplishment. The strong will is simply the body or personality able to meet the every-day problems with sufficient energy to conquer them.

Later in life the situation is more complicate. For we possess the ability, which has been imperfectly symbolized in the term "reserve will," of storing away efficiency and capacity, muscular and soul strength, for future uses. Indeed, our organism is so constituted that we store away such ability, whether or not we attempt such husbandry, although not in so large a measure. The wiser men plan thus to accumulate reserve energy. For example, memory is the best illustration. We see an object, vision, or event, and somehow brain or soul keeps a record of that "seeing." We remember it. All men thus remember. In the higher processes of the memory, we unite a great number of individual "moments," and recall them all out of sheer brain or soul strength, in their sequence. The Greeks could recite all of Homer's "Iliad;" the Arabians repeat their poems, such as, doubtless, the "Kitab el-Aghani," and traditional poems. Many Hindus knew by memory the entire "Mahabarata." All men of large human endeavor are constrained to carry these large loads of facts—facts of trade, of laws, of business methods, of procedure, knowledge of men, their faces, traits, business capacity, rectitude, and standing. The newspaper editor must learn each day's happenings, besides containing within an encyclopædia of political and other facts.

That the ability of a man may be increased is a truism. But the bearing that this fact has upon the will is often overlooked. If will, as we take it, is but the expression of a man's power, we see then the appositeness of self-development. A man acquires strength in at least these ways, bodily endurance, memory, knowledge, experience, and wisdom. A man develops physical hardihood by long sustained effort to gain this capacity. This is true of the ploughman, athlete, bookkeeper, or thinker, as well. Ability to think, nil in infancy, also increases by its employment. The man is greatly in advance of the boy, and the scholar and philosopher has ascended leagues of distance beyond them both. Efficiency in art, architecture, music, sculpture, and all skilled callings or employments, are illustrations. The executive efficiency of a man increases with skillful practice. He learns from experience the best ways in which to do. He attains a knowledge of this world's forces and thus can utilize them further to the attainment of his purposes. So, also, will power, that concrete term which includes these varied aspects of ability, increases with the using. A wee infant becomes a Corliss engine of energy, an indefatigable worker. Life is or should be the acquisition of internal capacity, which is daily utilized to the utmost of our opportunity to some plan and purpose, some laudable endeavor.

The same truth is apparent through an obverse tendency, to wit, the liability of the will to deteriorate. A testimony was given at a mission upon East Forty-

second street in the winter of 1891 by a rescued man, who stated that when he came into the meeting-room, some two years before, he had almost totally lost the power of memory. Thus, also, doubtless, if tested, his will was likewise enervated. For he could not resist the appetite for strong drink. There are courses in life which enervate will; the drunkard's brain is weakened of its powers; he is full of whims, prejudices, and superstitions. Nothing is truer than that the European peasantry are not clearer in mind and wider in range of thought, because of their insufficient daily nourishment. The American laborer is more intelligent, simply because he fares upon better diet. The debauchee is a weakened, limp object, and but half a man. The overworked brain loses its energy and capacity. Subject almost any one, unless his aspiration is already formed, and his ideal unflinchingly chosen with the death clinch, *i.e.*, never to be yielded, to insufficient food, and you unman him. This is why the European peasantry are so much less independent than those of this land. They are full of discontent and "talk," but they do not act promptly and aggressively as in America, since they have not the basis of character, builded out of food. A half-starved man has not any will, almost none worth mentioning. A man who lives on hard bread and refuse cannot be a man. Soup never made character. Rye bread and beans are inconsistent with solid manhood. Poor meat, poor quality-brain; no meat, the brain of a Hindu, possibly, but not of an American. These facts illustrate the

truth that the will is but the expression of the organism ; the coöperating soul may be intense, but it needs a sound body to be strong. And to produce a will that conquers, we must have a varied and nourishing diet, and in the winter we must have coal. I believe much in Emerson's philosophy of coal. Also, will can reinforce will, in psychic suscitation, and empower it.

Bismarck will serve as an illustration of the capacity to work. Our authority is Dr. Moritz Busch's "Bismarck in the Franco-Prussian War" (p. 14): "The almost superhuman capacity of the Chancellor for work, sometimes creating, and sometimes appropriating and sifting the labors of others: . . . this inexhaustible power of work was the more remarkable as his strength was kept up with so little strength. He generally rose late. Often, hardly out of bed, and not yet dressed, he began to think and work, to read and make notes on dispatches, to study the newspapers, to give instructions to the councillors and other fellow-workers, to put questions on State problems of the most various kinds, even to write and dictate. Later in the day there were visits to receive, or audiences to give, or a statement to be made to the king. Then came the study of dispatches and maps, the correction of papers he had ordered to be prepared, the jotting down of ideas with the well-known big pencil, the composition of letters, the news to be telegraphed or sent to the papers for publication, and in the midst of all this, it was not until two or often three o'clock that the Chancellor, in places where a halt of any length

was made, allowed himself a little breathing time ; then he generally took a ride in the neighborhood. Afterward he went to work again till dinner at five or six o'clock, and in an hour and a half at the latest he was back once more in his room at his writing table, midnight frequently finding him reading or putting his thoughts on paper." But Bismarck was once the room-mate in Berlin of Motley, our American historian of the Dutch republic. Both were then immature students, and untried youths ; neither had yet acquired that splendid will.

Such is a practical exposition of humanity. Man is an organism of certain well-defined powers. There is no need of mysticism in understanding manhood. The root is the organism. The various powers can be analyzed and noted. These are the forces which we are to develop to their utmost capacity. This is the key to and all there is, in the main, to man. Will is an executor. It is the tool with which man achieves. When a man progresses in character or living, he makes the advance through the guiding and controlling force within him, his will. Some say not ; they assert that the will is an ineffective weapon ; that will is not strong enough to achieve ; that it fails, and needs an outside helper. They say that when we find will to be a broken and useless staff on which we cannot lean, we then turn our trust to God, and he puts his everlasting arms around us, and helps us win ; that as the Venus of Milo is a beautiful piece of statuary, but has no arms, man is a fine creation, but until God places

his all embracing arms beneath him, he is not complete, a failure. But we pause to notice that the mysterious Spirit produces not Venuses, like that of Milo, without arms, but men with all their members. And we think that the facts tell us that he has made not men with wills so gone or weak that they are not sufficient for the needs of life, but with wills that are sufficient for all of life's necessities.

Man is a higher creature. His functions are adapted to their varied work. Stomach digests food. We have not two stomachs, one to help the other's failures. We have not two sets of lungs, but one performs its task. We have not one brain, which does its meager thinking, and another God-sent angel brain, which whispers to our ears the truths that our normal thinker cannot learn. We have not one useless, meager will, and another omnipotent will of God to help on the other will. We have stomach, lungs, brain, reason, will; these constitute the man; they are sufficient for human relations; they will not fail us if we use them rightly.

A certain nobleman owned a castle; his allies were without the walls. He said to the guard: You are few; the enemy is strong; you can scarcely prevail; go to sleep; our allies will protect us. And the allies reasoned: The lord in the castle has soldiers; he will have them at their post to protect him from surprise. The enemy came like a thief in the night and scaled the walls of the castle, and distributed themselves throughout the rooms of the castle, and

gained complete possession. We should not trust in imaginations or fanciful picturings of life, of friends to help, that we are never sure whether or not they ever help, but in the practical power which we all know that we possess, our human wills.

Will, then, this higher capacity, is the weapon for achievement. Will should be alert and active; it should be constantly used. We should employ it in milder, steady form, as the river in every day life. We should apply it in cumulative effectiveness at the great crisis. A steady purpose should guide on the more quiet seas. A firm grip should be on the helm, and a clear eye in the pilot house. When trials come in life, exert the will, and push them back. Reserve power is the savior when the tornado comes and the ship trembles and lurches in the blast. An iron grip should be on the helm, and a piercing glance should see through the darkness and the spray.

Will needs not only to be used, but to be used intelligently, in the regulation and development of ourselves. There seems a great significance here. The mere act of using will was as possible to the early savages as to us, but the control and shaping of our natures is of vastly greater scope today. When certain kinds of clouds obscure the violet sky of night, in every age, the spear-like flashes of light appear, but modern man has taken the brilliant light to form stars for the city streets, and has employed its power for transmitting signs and even the human voice itself across continents and under the seas. The Oxus

and the Jaxartes flowed centuries ago by the home of our Aryan ancestors, and they are flowing there today. The Rhine and the Hudson have flowed for centuries as they are flowing now. It was a great invention when some one made the first wheel which turned in the current of the river and became the motive power to a mill. But modern man has taken the water from the tiny streams back in the country away from the massive rivers, and has changed it into steam and force to run yet vaster mills. The reserve power of the will appeared in Enoch and Nimrod, in Achilles and Ajax at the hour of need. A steady, persistent purpose regulated Ulysses, Nestor, and Solomon. But the fuller application of these powers of man has been reserved until these modern days. These powers are now taken away from the spontaneous outbursting of a rude natural existence and are employed for the attainment of a varied, well-balanced character, and a variegated, normal, complete life, no longer under circumstances, but above them, approaching perfect humanity.

This will may be conformed to the moral sense. We have, then, a man, using his great capabilities on the side of righteousness. We have the men of affairs, and power, and righteousness that every community needs ; millers struggling to be just with their grist ; bankers endeavoring to be honest as well as wise ; builders who plan for staunch houses and charge right prices ; cabinet makers who persist in using the best material and executing in taste and for strength

and durability ; lawyers who work more for equity than to win their cases ; physicians that give their lives' best force in learning of diseases and their cures, and in alleviating the distresses of mankind ; mechanics who strive always to do the best work ; laborers, who are patient and careful in their labor ; clergymen who are troubled to supply humanity's needs ; mothers who give their time and love to the home and the children ; boys and girls who strive to grow into manhood, equipping themselves in the robes of health and thoughtfulness and virtue ; wills incarnated into special departments of life.

We have, in other words, men growing from good, to better, to best lives. We have a progress. We have the study of life becoming through execution the actual ideal living. We have men that are advancing step by step the stairway that reaches to that heaven which is within you, perhaps the true place of heaven, the heaven of character.

This work of the will culminates at last in man's perfection ; man attains knowledge, truth, action, and love. He becomes the perfect man. All his faculties appear in him, in development and unison. We see a character. We behold a saint. We see a man. He is great. He is grand. He is good, we say. Where can you find a better than he ?

It culminates in the highest that this planet can reach.

It becomes the earth's choicest fruit. He becomes the highest that nature has intended to be on earth. That nature which put in man this ability of his and

this moral sense, beholds him attain the highest development that he can reach, and we fancy that we hear her say: "He has used his capabilities on the side of righteousness; he has used this will to the attainment of his head and heart; it is good."

The final blessing of this use of the will is that it becomes the eye-opener and the vision-giver to the man, whose eyesight thickens at the films of death, and whose vision is stopped by the impenetrable curtain at which at last his weary footsteps have arrived. Those who can say, "I have developed my being, my moral and my higher capacities," can, as we fancy, best enter with trust this mysterious bourne from whence no traveler returns. "Father," they can say; "I am fitted to serve thee in other realms; I am a true servant of thine; Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

This is human life, the same old story, that takes a hundred forms, but ever returns to the simplicity of a few brief statements. Man is high. He has powers that lift him above the animate and inanimate. He is noble; he feels within him a spirit that exalts him into righteousness and leads unto life eternal. He follows these leadings; he uses his powers to the attainment of the ends which they suggest to him. He can do no better. He has done his best. He has done his part. God must do his. The result of the equation of life rests finally with the Father. What man's destiny may be hangs on the doing of the Infinite. Man dies. The Infinite engulfs him. He can only fold his arms, and lift his eyes, and trust,

CONSCIENCE.

A lower form of life, a mere sack of jelly, makes arms out of its substance, reaches out, and as it meets certain solid granules, draws them to itself, gathers its jelly-like lips and mouth around them and absorbs them. It also reaches out these tentacles, and, if it meet some stationary object, puts these arms around it, and draws its body forward. It thus lives and moves. Water enters at one interstice of an Ascidian mollusk, and out at another orifice. The creature is more complex than the former. But water to the stomach and water for its respiratory sack supplies its life. (Carpenter, "Mental Physiology," p. 45.) We view such creatures. They have not the brain for thinking. They have not conscience in the sense of knowing best from worse ; they are not thinkers ; yet they have something that is very like to thought. Dr. Carpenter tells us further that one kind of these jelly specks will reach out with its prehensiles, and, as it encounters grains, will distinguish quality. It will pass by those except the coarser grains of quartz ; another chooses finer grains ; a third selects the tiniest grains and sponge spicules ; and a fourth grains of ferruginous quartz. And the first cements them by means of phosphate of iron taken from its own substance into a flask-shaped test, and the second into a

spherical test, the third without cement into "perfect white spheres"; and the fourth makes a straight many chambered test. ("Mental Physiology," p. 43).

The Ascidian mollusk cannot think, and yet we are told, that if a substance comes near its mouth in the stream of water running through the mollusk, the envelope contracts, and pours forth a stream, which carries the intruder to a distance, or, if the sack be touched, it contracts itself violently for safety, and expels its water (p. 46). This is not thinking. Yet man could not do so well, nor invent a machine more responsive, nor that would distinguish better these varied grains, nor build on better mechanical principles. Men sometimes say a constructing power exists behind these movements; an unseen hand is present guiding in their living; an impulse given to these lower creatures, we call it life; but life is a word, and means something acting orderly, wisely, in ways we best describe in the phrases of thought; and so we might say, that in those lower creatures is a sort of prophecy of conscience, a force that makes them live true to their type, and that regulates the processes of this living. Is there not in nature, not alone the struggle for survival, but also toward the best of type? We find an undeveloped conscience that guides them in a pattern true to their type.

Every living creature, from the sack-like life, which extemporizes mouth and stomach from its jellied self, every plant, from the meager seed that makes the meagerest shrub, has an action peculiar to itself. Liz-

ard and snake, fish and dolphin, bat and bird, have different kinds of work, for which they are fitted, and which they do. There seems a push against every creature impelling them to do their work. We enter the realm of instinct, and there perceive this prompting force. The beaver builds his dam, the spider his web, the ant its hill, the wasp and the birds their nests, with architectural wisdom, and, to use an anachronism, they seem to feel that they should build their structure well. This is the lowest form of conscience, conscience in these lowest creatures before consciousness. It is a force which impels the individual to do well its lifework ; to live the thought which its species represents ; to advance a little in the thought of its species toward higher life, a sort of duty sense.

What clever analogues, what illustrations, of the conscience may be gleaned from the study of the animal world. The lioness will die for her young. The hen gathers her chickens under her wing at the approach of the hawk. The dog fights the wolf to defend the sheep, or wanders over the mountain in quest of the lambs that have strayed. Some say, Oh, yes ! The dogs of St. Bernard seem like conscience, but what of the bloodhounds that hunt men ? Is that conscience ? Are dogs expected to live ideal ethics ? They do what they are fitted and are taught to perform. The bloodhound of keen scent acts according to his capabilities ; man sets him hunting men. Each follows his seeming duty ; one becomes the fierce bloodhound ; the other the loving shepherd dog of St. Bernard, and *ergo*, a

different character stamps itself upon their faces. Is it not a duty sense which impels the dogs to perform what they are fitted to do? The dog watches by the grave of his master and starves to death. Is not this conscience transmuted into love? The horse, finding his master needs him, catches the spirit of his rider, and runs till he drops dead from exhaustion. Is there nothing of the loyal spirit?

There seems a force in nature preserving ideal life. We might call it conserving conscience. It works in the humblest creature, like an ambition. It is in worm, and quadruped, and biped. Hunger explains much of action, but there seems more. Once they called it fate; why not call him God? Conscience is one of the strongest evidences of this fate or God. Conscience is universal. As the atmosphere of the heaven surrounds the earth, and all creatures live in and because of it. This all prevailing constructive force pervades all being, an architectural entity in the plant, making it rise a palm tree; also instinct in the animal, making him build a dam or underground cavern; an impulse in man persuading him to do right; in the lower creatures, where self-consciousness is not, a sort of prophecy of conscience, which leads them to live to their types; and perform their processes of being; in man, where is self-consciousness, an easily detected power that moves him on to righteousness.

Herbert Spencer ("Psychology," p. 305, vol. I.) speaks of the lowest forms of life as homogeneous, where all the vital functions are distributed through the whole

body; every part has the "contractility which in higher creatures is confined to the muscles; that sensitiveness which they show only in nerves; that ability to absorb nutriment which is eventually confined to the alimentary canal; that excretory action afterward divided among the lungs, skin, and kidneys; that reproductive power which with them is localized." Herbert Spencer proceeds from this lowest form of life, and explains the evolution of all functions and faculties as derivations of the sense of touch. Touch first distinguishes quantity, as the zoophytes, who contract if they feel force, drawing in their tentacles alone from slighter touches; touch apprehends later hardness, texture, tenacity (pp. 331, 332). Various aquatic creatures are affected by sounds; they have no ears, but they feel a shock, a jarring, as the hand feels the vibration of an instrument (p. 195); later in development sound intensifies in one place, and a rudimentary ear begins (p. 316). Pigment grains more irritable to light than the rest become the eye (p. 314). The proximity of a body is felt by touch, and is also the origin of sight. The effect of a light body and a dark body is different. Sight begins. Quality of light arises simultaneously, as red from yellow or blue; a wider retina gives increased comparisons, and the distinguishing of size. "The division of the sensitive tract into separate nervous elements" results in the perception of shape (pp. 333, 334). Taste is "specialized touch." It is seen in the lower aquatic creatures, who distinguish the soluble or organic from the insoluble or inorganic by

this function (p. 332). Smell is a similar localization (p. 313); smell is at first an "anticipatory taste," to distinguish nutritive from innutritive matter. It becomes specialized, and grows to a power, through which beasts detect their prey and dogs can even trace their master.

Herbert Spencer elaborates his philosophy into mind, tracing the growth of faculties, and into the social world, the political, and religious. But when he comes to his later statements, he puts back and beneath everything, as the producer of this growth, "the Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed" ("Controversy with Frederic Harrison," First Paper). This energy, then, is the cause of what we would call conscience; an omnipresent energy, seen in the amoeba, protozoa, mammal, man, conserving, up-building, making creatures true to their types, and to live their mission. And thus we come to God, an all pervader through the universe, the Spirit, who buoys up the universe, to use a figure, in his outstretched arms, who moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, not rioting in storms, in the crude localizations of certain fancies, but the substratum and filling out power of all matter and life. Did he finish his work on the day that protoplasm was born? In philosophizings and sciences, the attempt has been to distinguish mind from matter. No man can tell where mind begins and matter ends, unless we beg the question, and say that all is matter, or that all is mind. After the famous puns: "What is mind?" "No mat-

ter." "What is matter?" "Never mind." In the lower creatures we behold selection of grains, and building these test homes. What highly endowed matter! What mimicking of mind! Is the mind of Some One present?

We watch the growth in the forms of life. Higher forms of creatures come. We see order. The universe of creatures is not a conglomeration and a bedlam, which might be, if the All were but forces, rushing, jarring, pushing; telescoping, lawlessly. If the universe were like a popper, and the popcorn ever on the jump. You and I have often felt that somehow the mind of the Infinite puts his impress on the creature. These creatures are combinations of matter in the lawful way in which matter combines. (Whence came the way?) God does not interfere with these lawful combinations: the facts of science are not false; yet God is present, science states great truth, yet does not rule out God; He is present in the movement of the universe. We see advance. There is evidence of mind. God is utilizing creature effort toward the attainment of the somewhat that he wills. God is present. While matter does its part, this Power, around, beneath us, works. His all-pervading influence puts a push, a desire, into all creatures to be themselves. The amoeba feels the impulse to reach forth its improvised arm. It acts. It feels its nature needs certain kinds of grains. It draws them in. It feels it natural to attach its arm to a stationary thing, and thus draw itself forward. The amoeba feels the im-

pulsion to live as it should live, and thus accords. The ant feels propulsion to be an ant, to make his home, and do his ant-work, and obeys. The dog receives impulse to live the dog life, the horse to be a horse, and so they act ; man feels the common impelling feeling of humanity, perhaps the sense of special missions, and accords with this regulating norm. Conscience leads us into the common humanity ; all men know what it is to be humane. We feel a magnet power leading us thereto. We feel that such a spirit and such an action should be ours. We obey the sentiment. Conscience is individualized in its higher reachings. It attains a more specific form. It is my conscience and your conscience. It speaks to my capacity and not yours. Conscience in man is the sense of duty to himself. Is it not the impelling power which leads a man to act out himself ? We feel a sense of something that we ought to do ; we see a uniqueness unlike my neighbors, a peculiar life work, which we are fitted to perform. We study with our minds to know ourselves, and then bend our energies to produce the mission.

Conscience in man is the manifestation of the universal power. Man feels God as the beast cannot, as man has faculties and these capabilities are avenues through which God can approach. If we fancy an amoeba, sitting by itself meditating whether to take coarse grains or fine grains, it would be a grotesque fancy. They cannot think. If a worm should reason, I will eat where I shall not obstruct the opportunities of

other worms, or dogs debate the feasibility of organizing a republic, this would not be natural. Conscience, in the higher sense, a feeling related with consciousness and judgment, belongs to man. But the spirit of the universe can be present under newer and higher correlation, as the creatures are more capable of adjustment.

Conscience is a feeling. Has it a meaning? Man thinks it has. He translates it "ought," that dread monosyllable, that feeling coercing the lower, a persuader to man, asking his coincidence with its dictates.

Man makes ought specific. Thou shalt eat food; not poison. Thou shalt do righteousness; not evil. Thou shalt not eat diseased flesh. Thou shalt not be licentious. Thou shalt not be idle. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt have a trade. Thou shalt love thy neighbor. Thou shalt help on this world. Thou shalt not harm. Thou shalt not kill. But what are commandments? They are the results of experience. They are the highest insights and generalizations of men. They are human wisdom. They are detections of the laws on which things proceed, possibly unraveling the heart of the Infinite. They are human in their acquisition; sometimes men state falsities and sophisms as commandments, and believe them obligatory through ignorance. The feeling is present, a great mystery; our translation of the feeling is human. The dread partial law of yesterday gives place to the broader of to-

morrow, as the race advances. But, why have the law at all, why the good and true? The feeling comes. We rest upon the feeling, and then act according to the best we know. Our judgment is erring, our feeling is like a solid foundation. We ought to be good and true. We thus build.

Conscience is fallible and infallible, you remember the debate. Conscience is educable and conscience cannot be educated. Conscience is a feeling (and a feeling only). The word ought sums it all. Everything else is tautology. Duty is ought; conscience is ought; must is only ought; should is ought; shall is simply ought. We feel we ought. Boys feel it. Men, old men, maidens, fathers, youth, husbands, children, traders, citizens, have the prompting ought. After the feeling follows a judgment. We decide an action right or wrong. We approve or disapprove a practice. This is a mental judgment. It is the result of reasoning. Men sometimes call it conscience. How diverse are the mental conceptions of the ought. Some eat flesh, and others the eating of flesh doth offend. Some think it right to indulge in amusements; others solace themselves by the reflexes of peace from their own strong integrity. Many conceived slavery to be right, while an increasing number knew it to be wrong. What about the virtual slavery of the modern employé! The feeling remains in its simplicity, man's adaptation to the feeling varies and grows.

From the early days, when man was in his infancy, rude and barbaric, the problem of conscience has ma-

tured. In those days of hunting for food, and warring for hunting grounds, the feeling conscience doubtless existed, but its application was limited in range, and rude. In later days varied natures learned through experience the principles of ethics. The Jew to be good on the outside, but remaining narrow, egoistic, within; the Greek and Roman abundantly testing the fruitage that comes from a life against conscience. History seems like the growth of a man. In his boyhood, fraught with holier hours, yet spiteful at times and selfish. In boyhood sowing his wild oats like the Gentile, or narrow from his Pharisaic goodness, like the Jew. In manhood learning that the conscience life is best, and reforming. Respecting more the rights of neighbors, building more perseveringly, patiently, and wisely, his endeavor. It may be only fancy, but today's civilization, Germany, England, America, seems like the manhood of the race, when a strong will and a wise effort is working for the utility of affairs and the amelioration of distresses. Some time in the future the old age will come, when, with many of these mental problems settled, as far as the human mind can solve them, and, with the reforms accomplished, so that the State is a harmony, the race, having learned how to live, will quietly pursue its way of righteousness and peace, like an old man, sage and happy, in his comfortable home, in a chair by the fireside, amid the smiling faces of sons and daughters, and the rippling laughter and merry shouts of grandchildren that clamber across his knees. The race is learning how

to live. The feeling, do right, is permeating every range of life, and life is growing broader, and better, we hope.

A function of conscience somewhat more advanced than that in bird and beast, is to make life good for this earth. The spirit of the universe seems to work that all may be well accomplished in lesser creatures as in the greatest. The ulterior forms of life felt incentive to do their part. The middle forms of life have a like impression. It is alike in all. The purpose of motive in the creeping thing seems for this life. The four-footed creatures, and those with wings, appear to have their motive for this life alone. Man's conscience is for earth, at least in part, we reason ; that the race may reach the ultimate possibilities of its being, conscience accompanies it. The race advances. Conscience dins in its ear. A generation is about to fall, a new one stands upon their shoulders, and conscience whispers "higher." They scale the obstacle, and yet—

A voice replies, far up the height
Excelsior.

They win life's victory.

And from the sky serene and far
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior.

Conscience works in individuals. John is a better artist, and Mary a musician ; better poems are written and songs sung, as homes made more ideal and laws more just, through our great friend, conscience.

Is the range of conscience for this life alone? We

doubt. Man is higher than the beast. His self-consciousness, memory, reason, will, emotion, are much higher in degree, and a large enough difference in degree, some say, makes a difference in kind, or its equivalent. Man is a higher order of creature, and many fancy that he has become high enough so that conscience has another function, an increased purpose in man. We will try to read its chart.

It seems to have a broad aim. It appears to prompt beyond knowledge. It hungers and thirsts after the ideal. The approving conscience is an incentive after the unattained, and the unattainable. If the God of the universe should produce by impression in the human soul the longing after the ideal, if He should breathe into them the thought, you must be ideal, you must struggle after the ideal, we should have the result paralleled by what is found in conscience. The approving conscience, fostered like a babe, at the heart of mystery, becomes the enthusiasm and longing after the right. If that thought, the ideal humanity, one which we know to be a mental abstraction, had a personal existence and could speak, and say, "Become as I," we would have result closely parallel to the facts of conscience, which in its normal growth is yearning after the ideal.

Conscience is defender of the individual. Yea. 'Tis more. It is altruistic. It defends the race. The voice of conscience at times forgets the individual and speaks for humanity. "Do not steal," it says. "But, I am starving." Yet it says, "Do not steal." Why not?

we say. "Have I not a right to live?" Still, it utters, "Do not steal." In many a phase of living, the individual wants. Conscience forbids. In the dry light of facts, we know that that want of the individual, pursued in the abnormal way, which the circumstances would compel, would be a disturbing force to others. Bare conscience also says: "Do not." Conscience forbids. It defends not alone this self, but others. Just as though the great representative humanity, whom we know to be a mere abstraction, had a personal existence, and could say: "Defend me, my interests, adjusting the parts to the perfect life of the whole;" and conscience says: "I will; I will speak for you;" facts parallel to these are the facts of conscience, protecting property, conserving homes, upholding justice; conscience is altruistic; in the matters of the ten commandments, in the practical ethics of every day life, it stands for brother man, not me.

The race is tending to a goal, we say, a laudable end in view, where great usefulness of individuals, yoked to great individual happiness, will produce a frictionless state, a marvelously related complex of humanities, so nicely interwoven as practically to be a unit. Utopia. Such is the goal of evolution. The great process, which is going on, which, we hope to see succeed; whose normal end should be the perfect adjustment of developed humanity. This goal may be Utopia. It may be the millennium that is never reached; and yet, if it were a fact, which is yet but a fiction, had it a personality, which is only a dream, and could it

speak some words to us, could it sound messages in our ears, and herald and inspire us along to that great day, we would be but beholding facts, not unlike the muffled tones of conscience, which are preaching to our ears, "Progress," "Progress." If the Eternal Spirit, the God of the universe, were speaking to our souls, not in audible words, but by impressions, and should make us feel: "Be true to me. Conserve my kingdom. Love my righteousness. Be ye merciful as I am merciful." And if this Absolute Spirit had personal life and is perfect righteousness and love, which man believes without sight and proof; facts would exist very like the facts of conscience, as they are today in the lives of those poised to the laws of goodness, and alert for the biddings of duty. The approving conscience becomes such listening and following the sense of right, and obeying the leadership of God.

Surely conscience is the hint of a promise. There springs up within us a hope. Do right, and thou shalt live again. Strive with the forces of your being to be a man, to be humane. Strive to be true to your individual bent, and be great or useful in your line. Strive to have such merit as to deserve another life. Strive to be assister in the upward toiling of the race. Strive to be a member of the kingdom of God's spirit. Be true to your God, and rest in the conviction that those who stand by Him, He will stand by them. Hope and keep hoping that there are other climes with cheery light and thought, where those who are worth preserving will have another life.

Conscience in man has broadened and deepened beyond its original function in the brute. It is now a revelation. It is man's best approach to the heart of God. It is man's stay in the valley of darkness we call death. It is the lamp in his hand by which he hopes to tread the shadows of the deepening night unto the sunlight of a fairer dawn.

CONSCIENCE—FEELING.

In that lower form of life of which Herbert Spencer speaks, where all the operations later distributed to nerves, muscles, digestion, lungs, in higher creatures, are performed by a common sack, we find feeling in its simpler, undeveloped form ; zoophytes contract bodily, if handled roughly, or touched. The Ascidian mollusk seems to be enjoying life as the water passes through it, but, when some irritating particle approaches its mouth from without and it contracts, pouring forth a stream of water carrying the obstacle away, the mollusk has that in lower form which in conscious creatures is called pain. (Carpenter, " Mental Physiology "). We study the higher forms of life ; the nervous system becomes complex ; varieties of avenues of approach appear ; touch, smell, hearing, taste, sight ; these senses increase in delicacy and range of function ; they are correlated with brains which are much developed ; brains relate with minds and souls that become exceedingly composite, and of diversified powers, and, all the while susceptibility to pain and pleasure, and an increasing range of feeling, has been accompanying organic growth.

The psychologist Bain describes the varied kinds of feeling. There is muscular fatigue and muscular repose, and the sense of injury. There is nervous fatigue

and exhaustion, and the exhilaration of freshness or from stimulants. Circulation of blood and nourishment of tissues are grounds of feeling; thirst, inanition, or deficiency of blood, produces great depression and irritation of organs. Any variation in the rate of the exchange of carbonic acid and oxygen at the surface of the lungs makes sensibility. "The extreme form of pain is suffocation; the opposite state is a grateful freshness or exhilaration" (p. 32). Heat and cold are causes of feeling. The feelings of the alimentary canal are "relish and repletion, hunger, nausea, and the pains of Deranged Digestion" (p. 34). The tastes in sympathy with the stomach are "Relishes and Disgusts," such as sweet or bitter and pungency, the saline, alkaline, sour or acid, astringent, fiery, acrid. The sense of smell has accompanying feelings. The lungs play an assisting part to the sensations of smell. "Fresh odors are feelings of exhilaration." "Close odors arise from a depressed action of the lungs." Fragrant odors and their opposite are connected with proper olfactory sensibility. Feelings are associated with touch, hearing, and sight. And there are distributed feelings. Waves of feeling may affect the whole organism, as the what are called "massive feelings," in exhilaration or depression. These feelings may be also acute, or cumulative, as in a blow, or when the whole being is in agony or ecstasy. Massive feelings affect more than one organ, and immediately or by sympathy the entire body. (See Bain, "Mental Science").

The widest scope of feeling is found in man. Intrusion from without is painful to him as it is to the "jelly speck," only more self-consciously so. (He cannot contract; he retreats from pain or danger.) A material object finding entrance through his avenues of breathing produces an effect like a foreign particle approaching the Ascidian mollusk. He contracts his glottis, bursts it open with a cough, and drives the particle away. (Carpenter, "Mental Physiology," p. 47).

Man's outer skin is close to nerves; his inner skin is sensitive. His liver, kidney, stomach, intestine, lungs, and all his oxidizing apparatus, veins and arteries and heart, are intimately connected with nerves, and are susceptible to feeling. Muscles interlace with nerves. Eyes, ears, and nasal membrane, make delicate response to touch. Knock at his teeth, and he feels your presence. His hair on his head, and nails on his hands and toes and calloused skin alone bear slight relation to his nervous system. Sensation surrounds him as a garment, and his mind and soul have sensitiveness as their cloak. He is alive with feeling.

Pause to consider the contentment in a healthy organism. To eat is pleasurable. The digesting of the food, with its hidden inner action of functions, each yielding a sober delight. These powers lie close to others capable of rendering joy. Breathing is a harmony of sense; blood is flowing rapturously; and finally every sense and faculty is open to the outside world, drinking in happiness from these external sources, which, ever shifting in environment, event,

and human action, present an ever changing passing process of delight. As with body, so with mind ; the mind has its functions ; the power of perception by which it interprets its sensations ; the power of memory by which it recalls the sensations and events of the past ; powers of combination by which the single perceptions are grouped ; powers of comparison, and judgment, and of combining judgments, which is reasoning ; imagination, in which old facts are placed in new relation.

How difficult to describe the mind and soul ; there are different faculties we never doubt ; yet how hard to separate them, and describe them, or mark them clearly, without confusion ; showing them distinct, with distinct offices. This is the great work of the future ; the old methods fail. A pulpit prodigy says : "We cannot write the natural history of the soul. It cannot be written. The wisest of mankind have attempted it, but they have failed. Witness the thousands of useless volumes of metaphysics in the libraries. The geologists can write a natural history of the earth, the botanists of the plants, and the astronomers make a map of the skies ; but who can discover and interpret the laws of the soul, or give the rank and true position to each of the bright worlds that shine and sparkle in the mysterious inner sky ? Chemistry and the microscope have brought to light many secrets ; but here is something which forever eludes detection, and refuses to be analyzed and dissected. It were as easy to define God as to define the

soul," and so the writer adds, and doubtless with great truth, "unless our modern way of viewing will do better than the past." (Reed Stuart, "A Reasonable Religion," Battle Creek Moon, January 25, 1887). The work is indeed begun from a new angle; men study mind from its genesis; The faculties are viewed as bodily powers, developing into mental; we can but hope in the future for better mappings of the powers of the soul.

However, which is to our point, each and every faculty of the soul finds in its activity an accompanying pleasure. Vision of nature is the sight of the beautiful, a delightsome optical as well as mental process. And even sight of the commonplace, a stone, a stick, or wall, is, if we stop to analyse it, much more akin to pleasure than to pain. It is an agreeable brain function to recall as well as a satisfactory self-consciousness of power. Our own creative imagination, or the stepping after the imaginative soarings of others, is one of the sublimest joys of mind. Every-day comparisons and judgments are everyday mental comforts, while reasoning is the divinest operation of the soul. Whatever the action of body or mind, it is a delight, while it is an everyday ecstasy to live at all.

A philosophy, confined to no individual, teaches that pleasure is the correlative of the beneficial, and pain of the injurious.

It is the sense of pleasure or pain that guides the animal in his selection of food. "It is undeniable," affirms Herbert Spencer, "that every animal habitu-

ally persists in each act that gives pleasure, so long as it does so, and desists from each act that gives pain." ("Psychology," I., p. 280.)

They hold the philosophy in the face of apparent contradictions. The poison as arsenic is sweet, the antidote is bitter. The senses speak the truth, they say; the poison is a "harmony" to the nerve, and the antidote is an "antagonistic disturbance of our prevailing state." So far as they tell, they reveal truth. "Experience does not retract these judgments; it merely gives a warning not to rely on them exclusively, and teaches us to judge of the total value of an impression, only when we have struck the balance of the total sum of its consequences, and of the helps and hindrances attached to them. (Lotze, "Microcosmos," p. 242.)

Cold is a pain. It contracts the capillary vessels hinders the circulation of the blood, and the nutrition of the parts, and causes depression. It is a bane. It is a direct injury. And yet, when the depression is felt, the lungs breathe more rapidly, take in more oxygen, and cold produces ultimately exhilaration, a boon. So with the arsenic, broader knowledge would show that the senses do not lie, and yet pain is a foe, and pleasure the salutation of a friend. Pain is a danger signal; it is a warning. A physician is called. It is a disease; he knows that some foe of our system is at work. He makes a diagnosis; he asks the location of the pain; he would find what organ is affected; he asks the kind of a pain; he knows what kind of ail-

ments produce those pains ; and then he gives the drug that will make the action of the function normal ; and the pain will presently cease, giving place to the glow and consciousness of health.

Conscience is the name which we give to these pains and pleasures, when we find them within the range of soul ; we grace with a name, conscience, the section of a process, which, however, is as broad as our being ; flesh, mentality, and spirit. Conscience is a prominent fact of man, in its double function, the approver and the condemner. The sense of ease, equilibrium, normal life, adjustment ; a sense of distress, out of balance, life askew, mal-adjustment ! A substance from without brought into relation with the body makes its whereabouts known, the physiologists tell us, through the nerves. In certain lower members, the report is made at the proper ganglia ; and then a counter report in the shape of a reflex action ensues. But if this approach from without be that of an enemy, a pain results, and a pain is the lowest form of conscience. When food is taken to the inner physical man, if it is true food and in normal quantities, digestion proceeds like the quiet sleeping of an infant, but if it be a foe, nature awakes, and we feel pain. If we breathe the air composed of those elements which are needed by our system, the buoyancy of health is felt ; if it be impure air, charged with hostilities, drowsiness or suffering results. These are animal conscience. As with body, so with soul. If foes assail us, an inward guard defends us. It is not omniscient. As arsenic tastes

sweet to the palate, and becomes fatal to the life, as many a deleterious power to our body seems like a friend, many an evil, correlated with some feeble good, may ask admission to our souls, and gain an entrance but to blight. Yet soul has a defender. Sense of pleasure, sense of pain admonishes us of right. Followed wisely with a careful judgment, they will lead the spirit into realms of thought, introduce motives, inspire purposes, prompt to deeds that assist the normal soul growth and mood, and culminate in the normal character. Perfect men, bodily, mentally, physically, and of purified passion and idyllic serenity, is the result of conscience.

This great friend works assiduously in our members and our spirit. We should relate ourself to it. The savage lives an untrained life ; he acts as motives move him ; he seeks for pleasure, and pain alone stops him from pursuit ; the ache in the stomach, the tired, twitching muscles, the danger of a scalped head, or a body lacerated by a wild beast ; these alone are checks on his activity. Civilized man moves more methodically and studiedly ; the medicinal practice of the centuries has taught him much about his body, which the savage has not learned ; he knows hygienic laws ; he endeavors to abide by them ; escape the pain ; achieve the pleasures, be healthy, secure long life, and be a greater force.

Religion to the savage was a crude affair ; it was the spontaneous endeavor of his meager spirit in its seeking after pleasure and avoiding pain. Power, vaster than his power, active round about him, was apparent,

a power that could smile in the sunshine or frown in the cloud ; a friend in the deer, a foe in the bear. Religion was superstition ; it was the sacrifice of beasts, the laceration of human bodies, wild shriekings, summoning and propitiating gods or god. Religion of today is changed. The study of centuries has interpreted better God ; it has unrolled the scroll of duty ; it understands better right living from wrong living ; religion is right living, in every sphere, body, mind, or spirit, and especially the hygienic living of the soul. If there be anything more to religion, I know not what it is. The religious man is Christ-like. Jesus was normal. No dyspepsia of Carlyle appears in Jesus. No Byronic despair !

No more with hope the future beams ;
My days of happiness are few ;
Chill'd by misfortune's wintry blast,
My dawn of life is overcast ;
Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu :
Would I could add remembrance too.

Jesus did not thus experience. His normal life glowed with hope, conviction, revelation. “ Peace I leave with you ; my peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.” Jesus, like a bird, flew through the varied atmospheres of the spirit and enjoyed the purer airs. The religious man is normal. In lands and centuries, many minds have learned and taught the way of life. There is no patent on this knowledge. A hundred nations have tried human life,

and transmuted experience into laws. Twenty centuries' light of philanthropy teach us how to love our neighbors. The spirit eye through all these years has had its microscopic study of the soul, and telescopic peering into the life beyond the grave. The religious man today should live the radiance of the twentieth century, plus the ante-Christian days. Religion is walking in the light of the total organism, observing the laws, and cherishing the hopes that yoke themselves to righteousness. The argument condenses into this; right living brings peace. What brings peace is my normal life. The further argument reads: Shall I live again? The life that grows brighter to its close may see yet brighter existence.

In the body of man, as physicians tell us, when a single organ is affected, it has power of affecting other organs. The contagion spreads until perchance all the system is impaired and depressed. And when again a certain function retrogrades in power, the others come to its release, and assist, and, themselves also, perform, as best they can, the operation of the diseased or injured function. When a member suffers, other members give their strength, and act as renovators, that it may gain afresh its health. As with the body, so with the soul. It is inter-related. One line of evil spreads its dire power over all the spirit; the good in man resists, and tries to drive the evil out. Opposite pervading forces war with one another, conquering self for evil or for good. Such we are, so intimate, so delicate, so interlaced. Life is keeping

all in tone. We are physicians, and should live the maxim, "Physician, heal thyself."

Man has a varied being. He has many powers; all are intended for action; every power has its use and misuse; correlated with the use is a pleasure, and with the misuse a pain. Man in his health has every power, body, mind, and soul, normal; he is useful in these many ways, and to the utmost for the world; where he acts rightly there comes pleasure; wherein wrongly, pain. Most of us are mingled pain and pleasure, as we are bad and good in spots.

Nature, furthermore, wishes all our powers to be active. She has fastened pains as motives; restlessness, cravings, what we call desires, appetites, ambitions. Life is a perpetual hungering and thirsting in many channels of our being. We all drink and eat, each in different ways, according to our life-work, opportunity, natures, and what we will, but none in all specialties; where we feed we find contentment; where we fail to feed, unrest.

One glances at the world and sees there evidences of momentary antagonism and confusion. Absolute harmony does not prevail. Imperfect adaptations to laws everywhere appear. If the lower creature were perfectly related to its own healthy constitution and to the forces of nature, all its life would be pleasure and no pain. If man were completely related to the functions and imperial faculties of his being, and to his environment, he would be happiness, and there would be no misery, and his death would be the eutha-

nesia, which is as sleep. The beast is not in perfect harmony. He has other beasts and man to fight. He misunderstands nature, and meets calamity or sickness. He violates the laws of his own flesh and suffers. Fightings without and fears within are his lot. And man is not in true relation. The scope of his action is narrowed by environment. He has his foes, wild beasts and marsh gas, and poorly prepared food, and fierce men to the primitive man, rich food and city air and the struggle for wealth to the civilized man. We are hedged in from our attainment. General conditions block our passage, circumstances the outgrowth of the struggles of life of man to man ; the fact that success does not come in a day ; that in fortune, or letters, or influence it requires a long life of persevering, careful endeavor to master the achievement. More intimate relations with our neighbors halt us ; Tom, or Dick, or Jane, Mr. Jones and Mrs. Smith are after the same emoluments, and may outstrip us. We must bide our day. We scarcely know the reason why, and yet we know the fact. The incitements are present ; desires, yearnings, ambitions, spurring to action, but the opportunities must be found. Certain actions bring pleasures, but we do not always discover the opportunity to act. Some activities recompense with splendid joys, but presuppose ability to perform ; and the ability must be won. We have not attained this range of varied living and its harmony of joys. We cannot attain today. We can only touch a few, not all its points.

Yet we might broaden in our scope. We might rise above our circumstances, and live a broader and more varied life. We might work more systematically, and intensely when we work. We might eat more hygienically. We might talk more sensibly and on matters of some worth. We might breathe purer air; take more exercise; we might read more; we might be more devout; we might feel more aspiration and yearning of spirit and be more thoroughly loyal to our neighbors and our God; and very many higher joys and a fuller sweep of satisfaction would be the companions to our higher growth. There is a broad, grand chart of living, where all is part of life, our total manhood, and then, reflexing from this varied life, come the many lines of pleasure, each that fits the act and function, and that composite state, the sum of the pleasures, which is happiness. Life becomes a many throated choir and our ringing voices sing a pæan of joy. But not in a day or an hour is this living gained; to the sluggard and the infamous, it is never given. Wealth cannot buy it, nor genius have it for the asking. Goodishness does not receive it. Only all sized life attains it, and to be had it must be won. We preach an optimistic thought. The victor obtains the crown. "Seek and ye shall find." Life is a struggle, but achievement lies before the man who fights to win. He must keep a brave heart, and a clear head, and persistent purpose, and be patient. But the righteousness, shall we leave that out? How many leave it out? How

many have gathered life's achievements in their fingers, and sat down to eat them, and the apples turn to ashes in their teeth? In the search for joy can we omit the cause which alone is sure producer of the abiding joy? And yet we preach an optimistic thought. Those who, as musicians, learn to strike the proper keys of action, will produce upon the sounding boards of their souls the harmonies of peace.

How broad the thought, how bright! Not an organ of the spirit, intellect, or body, but somewhere in the outer world waits the opportunity for the action; not a function of the body, mind, or soul, that it cannot realize itself! Not a peace and joy in the galaxy of happiness, but what may enter in our lives and shine as brightly as a star. These are the promises that cheer us on our way; these are the incitements to realize ourselves; these are the rewards which come from living full-toned, normal lives. Such marvelous correlations exist in the world between duty and pleasure. What a wonderful world it is, and how grand and enchanting to those who know how to get from it what is in it! It is your world and my world, full of rich gifts for us. And how wonderful that there should be a reward for right living; that from the lowest movement of the creature to the highest passion of the soul, joy should be the reward for normal life. How came it thus? Who made it thus? We rise to thought of God. Surely the spirit of the universe is a friend whom we can trust. Are we relig-

ious? Is religion feeling? Let us wander through the woods, fall amid the flowers, kiss the buttercups, weep with the violets, or watch the river as it heaves on its bosom the cakes of ice, and think not of winter, but dream rather of the spring. Let us put our bare hands on the icy trunks of trees, and think of death; nay, put the ear to the bark, close, and believe in life.

DUTY.

Duty rules among peoples according as they do righteousness or evil. It is practiced by some ; hence the feeling becomes very strong with them ; it is not the practice with others ; with them the promptings become much weaker. Individuals observe the plan of duty, as their chart of life, and daily increase in its endowment, or they reason against it and reason it partially away. It ceases to actuate them to any considerable degree.

Men were slow at first to recognize a distinction of right and wrong in deeds. They acted in a hit or miss fashion. But they came gradually to recognize the difference between good and evil. Certain actions were disturbing forces. They injured others. They bore as their fruit, war, murder, hate. Other activities favored others. They produced as their fruit, friendship and love. Those who chose war, murder, hate, discerned that their brutalities engendered in the injured (out of self-protection and revenge) a like spirit of war, murder, hate. Where they projected the opposite action, their kindly conduct elicited friendship and love. Hence the opinion gained ground that brotherliness and fair dealing is the proper spirit for man to cherish. Men came to consider this ; it was a victory of thought ; as the better

mode of life. Opinions lightly held at first became deeply cut. They changed to convictions. These in turn inscribed themselves still deeper. They became component parts of character. They began to descend as instincts from father to son, and mother to daughter till they resulted finally in a race conviction, that universal characteristic, known as duty.

This monosyllabic "ought," which sounds in the depth of the human soul, whence came it? This is one explanation. Centuries ago a man did his first rational act. He performed a little later another reasonable movement; rationalities succeeded until rationality became a habit. Another day, heart and intellect united in some endeavor. Other actions of like nature ensued. Like the young child learning to walk, gradually, man became a thinking, feeling being. Reason asserted itself. Passion ruled. The man ascended.

How profound this law of heredity; or that duty and other instincts, should descend at all! Two savages defend their huts. A few savages, their descendants, fight for the preservation of their tribe. This conservative spirit reappears in future generations, as an instinct, patriotism. Men flock to the standards of their nation, willing to die. And yet the law works both ways. Meanness is transmissible and as accumulative. It may become an instinct. Are we before nature's method, or is it the method of nature's God?

A second view of duty exists. It affirms God, omnipotent, omnipresent in this world and the many bil-

lion worlds, where the other inhabitants are. He permeates all matter and all life ; and is in their action, and is preserver, and, though not in anthropomorphic sense, governor. God places in man a power ; we can best liken it to a breath, or a push. It is a bent of man's nature toward righteousness. Men call it the voice of duty or conscience. The impression of the divine is and ever has been in the world. Duty as foreshadowed in the animal, an opaque, sensual propulsion toward virtue. It is a lucid dominance in humanity. Early man differs not in essential features from man of today, only in maturity. He gathered facts, but rudely, and rationalized them crudely. He had nerves and feelings, though the higher emotions were scarcely yet. He saw beauty, though not as Michael Angelo perceived it. He was conscious also of duty, though as of a drum beat, indistinctly heard, because of muffled hearing, God's duty to do right. The Rev. F. H. Wright, of the Choctaw nation, himself a missionary and a son of a full blooded Indian, who was a missionary, asserted in an address in New York city in 1891, that the Indians of themselves read through nature, the Great Spirit, and had even attained a chart of duty, though a rude and imperfect one.

They distinguished at least right from wrong. From the earliest time to the present, God has been in man and man has been in God ; and God has led him into art, civilization, culture, and in an especial sense, through duty to spirituality. Humanity illustrates two powers, the human and divine. Emerson says :—

Draw, if thou cans't, the mystic line,
Severing rightly his from thine.

The divine is the basis of Duty. Duty has also a human factor. The human varies. Men make the voice of duty crescend or descend in its power through their lives' imperfection or other causes.

It is easier to trace how men came to till fields and build cities than how they came to feel this impulse "ought." It can be seen that the impulse to build homes and trades sprang from human needs and human wisdom, yet a veil, like the cloud in the holy of holies, always crowns duty. It can be estimated that many men would arrive through meditation into looking at duty as common sense life, but why the sense of duty should be universal, why so strong as it is, why its violation should be ensued by throes of feelings and pangs of emotion, and why it should be in the imperative instead of the subjunctive mood!!!! is mystery. The God element is omnipresent. It does not vary, since duty is in every man. It is of God.

Duty represents on the first hypothesis the previous history of the race. The wisdom of the generations has descended to us. Our forefathers reveled in a barbaric state ; they were some of the dirtiest savages that ever walked this footstool. They were warriors, fools, knaves, and embryonic scholars. But some of them were nobler than their comrades, and goodness descended their racial channels with the badness. This history is thus like a path across two continents ; sometimes it scales hills, sometimes it touches the

mountain peak. It enters the marsh. It goes dreary miles through a desert. It debouches in a valley, and crosses for leagues across a fertile plain. Thus duty is like a great scholar. He has studied life under a variety of conditions. "I was in the Edenic gardens. I lived in the infant civilization along the Oxus and Jaxartes rivers. I drank milk with Romulus, and imbibed wine, not hemlock, with Socrates. I held philosophic converse with Marcus Aurelius Antoninus in the imperial palaces. I was with the disciples in Galilee. I have been a dweller with the Teutonic tribes, an inhabitant of England, with King Arthur and Queen Bess, and a citizen of the American republic. I have learned the secret of life. List. I will be your friend. So. It is the talismanic kismet, 'Duty.'"

Duty equals common sense. It is a recommendation, an admonition. The best goal in life is attained through Duty. The surest method through which to attain this goal is Duty. The highest happiness is not obtainable except through obedience to Duty. Other means have ephemeral successes but ultimate disaster. Ah ! you say, you sneer. The utility idea. Be dutiful because it is expedient. And, why not ! We are wise to be wise and prudent to be prudent. What brings the most of joy is sought most by the natural human heart. What brings the maximum of benefits and of life is apt to be pursued, why not ! If it is true that duty is the wisest life, the most expedient, the best resulting life, we may follow duty for its own sake.

And, *ergo*, many men of today, feeling around among the broken pieces of their faith, find this remnant, Duty. They say: The life of Duty represents to me the better life to lead, the largest in its blessings and its outcome. It is at the least the more heroic in its spirit, hence I live it.

According to the other faith, Duty is the voice of God. It is his wish speaking through us. This mysterious spirit of the universe has a certain form of life he would have his creatures live. The forces of the planet without their will are conformed to this method. The animal world have their course of life much mapped out. Man is free-willed. In him an impulse, a pointing, is given, which, if pursued, leads him to reach that proper life which God wills. The voice of Duty is the wish of God. All those incentives to fairness, to character building, to culture and heart, and all the varied manifestations of duty, are the inspirations from above. Be dutiful, this doctrine says, if you would build on the eternal granite of Divine existence. A dutiful man builds on God. He builds on the substratum of all things, earth, sun, and stars, the universe. He builds on the will of God. Does he not build wisely and well?

Carlyle tells us that Duty has a vaster scope, and even a wider meaning. Mahomet believed in Carlyle's phrases in the "Infinite Nature of Duty." "That man's actions here are of infinite moment to him, and never die or end at all; that man with his little life reaches up as high as heaven, downward low as hell, and in

his three score years of time holds an eternity fearfully and wonderfully hidden."

Duty is upon the human origin theory what is called in law a "fiction." All our relations to men and objects are viewed as personal relations. The stone has a quasi personality to the savage. Plato considered that this earth had a soul. So we hypothesize Duty to the soul of the universe or God. We have relationships with men, hence duty to them; or even posit ourselves over against ourselves, and speak of duties to ourselves, health, education, eternal welfare, etc. Men feel that life on this planet amid present civilization is a blessing. They opine that the race has benefited them. Hence they feel gratitude and duty to humanity. They show this gratitude and duty in various ways. They even will of their substance to future generations, not yet born, in their beneficiary gifts to charitable institutions for the relief of humanity.

Duty under the God-given origin theory is the voice of the eternal addressing the soul. It is the real presence of God. There is no doubt of its actuality, nor that it should be obeyed.

There is no imperative quality in the sense of duty according to the human origin hypothesis. It is all at the furthest only an admonition. It simply is an inclination to the wisest action. To be sure, it may be a very strong "push." It is well if it is so. For it is a blessing when we are impelled to the wisest course of action. Yet after all it is only our more or less clearly

consciously interpreted common sense. Our fathers found it wise to be dutiful. They obeyed the dictates of their judgment. Duty became a habit. Habits are capable of being hereditated. This habit, it may be on account of becoming very widely prevalent, has descended, and descended with great force. All humanity now feels powerfully the impulse toward right. Yet it is not a command, an imperation. It is merely a counsel, a recommendation. It was wiser with them to do right. It is felt wiser with us. This is not: You must do right. It is merely: It is wiser, better for your welfare to do right. It is a matter of policy rather than integrity, of mental decision than moral command. You should do right.

There is in reality no moral quality at all in the duty sense, according to this historic Genesis theory. What constitutes the moral worth in the decision of my great, great, great, great forefather's wisdom, that it was better to give a fair number of sheep for cattle, else his barn might be burned maliciously at night; that it was better not to slay his brother Teuton, else that Teuton's brother would lie in ambush, and strike him down unawares; that a life of industry produces wealth; that a man and wife attain ~~more~~ happiness in quality and quantity by being true to one another than by heterogeneous promiscuity; that kindness to children unites a family in bonds of love; that harshness separates father from daughter and son; yet these mental decisions have descended into us as virtues, honesty, the sacredness of human life, fidelity, duty to

one's offspring, love. Duty is hence an admonition; an advice.

On the other hand, the divine-origin theory puts into duty the moral quality. Do duty, for it is right. It is God's way; it corresponds with the laws of His operation, as seen from the misty past, we may say without hyperbole, from all eternity or through all generations of men.

What is right? It is a difficult question. Indeed, no one knows. A wise answer is that it is God's way of action. Or it is action in accordance with the nature of things, and their conditions, so that it harmonizes with these relations; it obeys their laws, hence it avoids the penalties or results which come from the violation or conflicting against these laws, and it enters into the enjoyment, which may accompany their coöperation. It is obedience to the laws of nature. But it seems correspondent with the truth of the case that the laws of nature and the laws of God are *one*. It also seems to be the fact that eternal conditions, ideal relations, the perfect adjustment of object with object, force with force, person with person, is what God planned and executed, when He made (in His own manner, without consulting humanity) His universe; and that the laws of nature are these ideal relations. *Ergo*, to do right is to regulate one's action after God's will. Do right; it has a moral quality. Do right! Why? It is the eternal law. It is the ultimate condition. It is the true relation. All other actions are wrong; in false adjustment. But this relation is ade-

quate ; it is properly adjusted. Do right. Hear it ring, its moral tone, like a silver bell.

Again, it is in the imperative mood. The solemnity of the eternal truth commands it. The ideal is its defense. The framework of the universe, working in its harmony, recommends it. Nay, rather ! He who is its heart and substance, He to whom all this nature is but the action He Himself has executed, bids it. The laws of matter are but His outer laws. They as concretions, in a universe, are but the secondary expression of His ultimate reason, His wise, arranging faculty, His faultless mathematics, and His moral worth. "I am the right," we might crudely imagine Him as saying ; the source of all right, Myself the truth, embodied in spiritual unity, infinite, the moral excellence, and I demand that My creatures conform to My worth, that by keeping like law they may enter into the fullness of blessing. I mate with the law. This morality, this relation to eternal truth, this adjustment to external realities, partly explainable as rational courses of conduct, but they are also obligatory. An "ought" applies. The imperation of conscience comes from God. God commands them.

Duty is even on the feebler hypothesis a ratiocination of value to us. Be obedient for the use there is in it. Pursue right. You see mapped before you the faith of wisdom in which the seers of the ages have walked, whose footsteps followed the paths even at the plough furrow, but also at twilight upon the gravel mall by country residence. Do right. 'Tis

present happiness ; 'tis future bliss. This is human wisdom, human experience, worldly prudence. So be it. This wisdom is a blessing. And Duty is a torch that guides us in the thickening shadows, and the misty fogs of human circumstance. A glowworm only. It may be even a prophecy, a dim aspiration that is no *ignis fatuus*, whose goal in truth will be more blessed conditions and happier moods.

Or duty is something more far-reaching, more promissory, more culminative. It is the veritable leading of God. It is a voice commanding from behind to "forward march," calling from before to come and enter the habitations of eternal faith and peace, where the tried ones, the true ones, shall find a prepared dwelling place. If ye are the faithful here, who are obedient to my laws, ye shall enter a state of more ideal circumstances in the after life.

Duty is the Saviour, from the irremediable loss which the undutiful themselves have chosen ; it is the arms of the infinite, in which the dutiful, by keeping within them, are held fast and safe. It is the treading the straight and narrow path, and the dropping over the edges into a better place, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Yea, even ! what is duty ? In the light of that merest truth, that universal principle, containing more in its germ than outgrown Bibles, or teachings of Christ, the doctrine of evolution, duty is the high point, the crystal apex, the midday sun of attainment which we seek. It is the skylight of absolute trans-

parency. This sun never sets. It is that needed light by day which dispels night. In the ebb and flow of experience, the polarizations and adumbrations of particular moods, duty may rise from horizon, approach the point of disappearances, and revert from setting to rising, but it never sets nor sinks. It is usually zenithed. Its nadir is in the soul. It is normally mid-day. It is regnant. It is supreme faculty in man—our evolution goal, when duty rules me, and each and all—millennial star of hope.

The human race has elaborated in minuteness a scheme of duty. We cannot attempt to portray it in its fineness or fullness. It has, first of all, perhaps, if self-preservation is nature's first and highest law, the duty to self. We should obtain and retain healthy organisms and developed bodies. We should attain equipped minds, with taste for art, and love and pursuit of knowledge, possessed of business method and executive efficiency; our personalities should be sympathetic and kindly; our characters should be of integrity, and moral earnestness, honorable, free from pride and deceit, above the venial and the sensual, of high motive, of lofty aspiration, living in an atmosphere of holy thought, moral ideals, and studied unselfishness, lovers of truth, reverencing and loving God, ever in pursuit of and daily more nearly approaching the perfect character, ripening toward the Christ-soul. Thus, Duty will broaden into love of neighbor and submission to God. We have our duties to these other individuals, who, like ourselves, are undergoing that

mysterious interval we call life; to friends for their kindness, to the injured in reparation; to the erring of sympathy and rescue, even against ourselves in justice, in forgiveness, and upon repentance even unto pardon and reinstatement into the old place in the affections, to every individual of the race to bless him and not to curse him, and to the race as a totality to help on its progress. Drummond has shown that laws prevail in the spiritual world as in the material; that the preservation of an integral, normal mind, the ratiocinative ability, and the superber graces of character, are as much result of apprehension and obedience to law as any electrical or mechanical inventive achievement, or the secretion of harvest from seed-ing. All these specific laws of matter, mind, and soul, nearly, are known, such as in contracts, respect of life, forbiddance of theft, and the many specifications. A duty attaches to each. All laws that are applicable to us! The condition of a flower's formation of seeds within its tiny cup is not a condition of humanity; nor one that has aught but the remotest and most artificial, save to the gardeners and florists, bearing at all. The geometrical principles of the snow-flake and the crystal should be obeyed by them, but do not relate to human-ity at all. Granulation involves us here, but we are indifferent to its operation on Sirius or the Pleiades. Duty to God is diversely interpreted, ranging from those who recognize no duty to God, since they recog-nize no God, to those who obey nature's laws, but do not worship him, and those who worship and even

claim to love his person, as the great loving father and friend.

Truth is a high generalization of mental conceptions. Pontius Pilate asked the question: "What is truth?" No one has known before or after him. The ideas which fit together are true. It is the opposite of the false and falsehood. Ideas are intimately associated with conduct; they become in us springs of action, evil or good. It behooves us to consider our mental relation to "the truth." It is very desirable that we be sensitive to, seekers after, honorers of, obedient to, and that the essence of truth be the principle of our disposition. The right is another generalization equally mystical. Is there a God? Then right is clearer. Right is the way that God would arrange forces, also the way that forces, each of its own inherent power, arrange with each other lawfully; in contra-distinction with wrong, which is a violence against the laws of some one or more of these forces (indirectly hence against the God who made them). Do the right.

A grace toward duty is obedience. This is its spirit, we should be dutiful. This sums up duty "to obey" the law, and each law, the truth, the right, God. Or we may call the life of duty the life of service. A worthy way of dutifulness is discipline. As in the charge of the six hundred; or the company of soldiers, drilling upon the sinking vessel, obedient unto death. Another manifestation is willingness. To be willing to do the right is one-half of the doing of the right. Some make duty the passion, principle, and

practice of their lives. They ask but one question, "Is it my duty?" It is needless to add, it is then obeyed. Probably in the majority of cases doing one's duty means a lessening of earthly power, a smaller place in the eyes of the world; a name less conspicuous, a lesser office among men; but what matters it? It is the true answer to human life. It is God's service. Such a life at least never does conscious injury to another. It stands as a bulwark against the many evil forces. It puts much efficiency wisely directed toward man's plenty and his joy. How eminently to be striven for, this trait. It is the only equilibrium, in harmony with the Divine realities. This life passes like a dream. A perpetual battle. Now strong and victorious. Now beaten back and baffled, but never quite defeated. Now steady for the right; now entering the blessings of reward and peace. The rock bed, on the ocean, receives the polyp's shell, and the coral island is made, a lake of quiet, within turbulent surf and outlying angry ocean. The firm stand of duty enables the shells of character one by one to fall upon and adhere to the soul until the man is armored without and peaceful within. Having done our duty here, having stood fast, how natural it seems that we shall be moved onward like a pawn, to the next square; and be asked to do our duty in another world. Immortality seems rational and likely through this telescope of duty. Life's probation is ending. For the good that is in us, for the faithfulness we have shown, for the ills we have borne, overlooking our

mistakes, God will receive us, and put us out to service again in his own chosen place, in a possibly very new way.

The obverse side from duty may be studied from words which Edward Von Hartman employs to depict sin: "Immoral action or wrong doing consists originally in this, that in order to procure a gratification or to avoid a pain, I inflict on one or several other individuals a greater pain." The world is full of studied injustice. Men habitually deprive others of necessities, that they may be cushioned in luxury. The mad gayety spirit is also prevalent in the well to do. Life is to ride rough-shod through the world, kicking, biting, knocking one's hoofs, in order that he may attain the pleasure of flying the feet and snorting with the nostrils, and running wild, and swift as the wind.

And yet life may be just and kind; it may move its course, blighting none, and oftentimes helping some. It may acquire that higher fire and glow, found alone where a man has the faith that he co-works with God; it may reflect an honor on the past, looking back with steady eyes and restful hearts; it may manifest its present alertness and preparedness for the duties of the day; it may project its calm, balanced outlook to the future; yet life may pursue its purpose with many a bright spirit of laughter, with a broad range of glee. We suggest that injuries to others and ourselves are the barbed wire fences that engirth duty. Within these bars are the pasture lands of freedom.

This is a common sense chart of life. He plans for joy and peace. He also plans to be true to his neighbor and himself.

To the brash young mind, many of the sacred institutions of life have no sanctity. He lives wildly and recklessly. He tramples upon customs hallowed by antiquity and of intrinsic worth. But at length visions come. The forms of life are seen but a clothing of spirit. He detects the truth beneath the social forms and customs. He awakes. One by one the stars shine into his soul. The world remarks, "He is settling down to life." Yea, rather, he is understanding life; he sees its sacredness. He is acquiescing in its duties.

"There is no chance and no anarchy in the universe. All is system and gradation. Every god is there sitting in his sphere. The young mortal enters the hall of the firmament; there he is alone with them alone, they pouring on him benedictions and gifts, and beckoning him up to their thrones. On the instant, and incessantly, fall snow storms of illusions. He fancies himself in a vast crowd which sways this way and that, and whose movements and doings he must obey; he fancies himself poor, orphaned, insignificant. The mad crowd drives hither and thither, now furiously commanding this thing to be done, now that. What is he that he should resist their will, and think or act for himself? Every moment, new changes, and new showers of deceptions, to baffle and distract him. And when, by and by, for an instant, the air clears,

and the cloud lifts a little, there are the gods still sitting around him on their thrones—they alone with him alone." (R. W. Emerson, "Illusions." Works, vol. iii.)

THE MORAL SENSE. GOD-GIVEN.

In the lowest form of the animal life, the creature is a simple jelly, and new creatures are merely the separation from the jelly mass; any number of new creatures may be formed by mere detachment; life begins in the higher organisms in a similar manner; the cell separates to a number of cells, but this kind of change is limited, and a structural development soon begins. If the development hypothesis be true, why did creatures ever rise to this structural development at all? Why was not the history of life, but that of a mass of jelly, increasing and forming new creatures by separating into fragments? Why did jelly become pheasants, and horses, and cattle, man, and poems, and states? In the history of development more than once divine touches may have happened. (See Carpenter's "Principles of Human Physiology," p. 27.)

Nerves are wonderfully adapted for the purpose of feeling; muscles seem arranged to contract and expand; and nerves are related to muscles with nicety and skill; stomachs are admirably adapted for digesting food; lungs, arteries, and veins are fitted for the oxidizing process. In fact, a combination, so marked of different principles and kinds of power is seen in the mechanism of acting muscles, nerves, and other functions of the body that it looks very like design.

Nerve and muscle centre in the brain ; the blood gives one-fifth of its stream to the brain, an organ only one-fortieth part of the body in weight, the whole system of man indirectly doing service to this master ; brain is important, and probably designed to be important.

Mind is associated with brain. The mind's powers are numerous. The external world makes access through the senses to the brain. Percepts, the first dawnings of intelligence and knowing, are the reaction of the mind. Many percepts, having been formed in the course of experience, the mind makes the next advance and forms a concept, *i. e.*, not the effect of one apple through visual or tactual nerve, but "apple," the generalization of a notion without one example of the class necessarily present. Later, the mind combines concepts, and forms ideas, complexities of thoughts which usually require a sentence to express them. God is good, truth is akin to virtue, are ideas. When we advance from ideas to principles, or to plans, we approach the higher operations of mind, "the god-like." This full empowered mind is splendidly adapted to the uses of the human animal, man, and enables him to attain food, exchange ideas, accumulate property, execute constitutions and states, and also have higher and less practical operations, such as imagination, emotion, the achievement of art, music, and literature, the treatise, the scientific investigation, the essay, the novel, the poem, the work of genius, which catches the picture of human life, or better reveals its

possibilities, so that all in all it resembles at least a power intended for the achievement of certain ends, or, we may group them, of one grand purpose.

These forces of nature have produced out of themselves, as their highest fruit, a creature that shall comprehend them.

Another function of the human organism is the moral sense. As man became a thinking creature, with his limited range of will and emotional nature through which he feels, contemporaneously his moral nature came into being. Man is conscious of the impulse to do right, which propulsion to do right should lead him to relate his little plan into harmony with the all in all, and direct his will, not as antagonist, but as helper of advancing nature.

Man was given a moral being, and if he becomes evil, an opponent to right, and the universal plan, to God, he must accomplish this, by going against an impulse, which the all in all has placed in him, a propulsion men call conscience.

One of the philosophies of life makes this broad and earnest description of life. It believes in God, though it does not attempt to describe him. While it recognizes many changes in the world that have resulted from the action of the creature, it also holds to an accompanying work of God, as a regulator, and sometimes a transformer. One of the forms of Divine activity is seen in the moral sense. The moral sense, God-given, is bestowed upon each man. It is an endowment, which we expect to find in him as much as

intellect or will. It is part of man. As boats are made, and rudders are attached, man is made with moral sense attachment, and nature would not think of making men without this regulator. As birds appear, and birds expected to fly, possess wings, so man, expected to be moral, possesses conscience.

The bearing of this truth is not apparent. It may be true that conscience is God-given, and yet this would not pre-state its method of manifestation. Its manner might be any of the many that God chose to employ. To say that God is in consciousness need not include a presence such as many of the interpreters would demand. It does not necessitate a speaking of God direct to the soul of man at each twinge or throb of conscience. As, for instance, an angel with wings whispering to a slumbering child, such as the paintings love to represent. God might speak through conscience by whatever method he uses, the main pertinent fact is that God is in the moral sense.

Indeed, what matters it whether the voice of conscience be entirely distinct or less so? We ought to follow it in either case. If it is a clear instruction, obey it unhesitatingly and exactly. If it be less perspicuous, simply an ill-defined push in a certain direction, then interpret it, as best we may gather light from other sources to make it more luminous and proceed in its suggestions. Even though it is not God's immediate voice, but only his indirect manifestation, through a faculty or human endowment, yet as it is a power from God, let it rule us. Even though God

speaks through conscience, indirectly, we know not its instruction. Possibly, he wells up through it like the air bubbles out of water, like the air through the lung, and in the blood throughout the system, yet it is God permeating man's soul, and the light-life should be followed and obeyed. Such, then, is the conscience mission ; its manner of operation mysterious, yet a true guide ; let it direct us into the regions of eternal light and peace.

I can but compare it to a lake within the hills, mirroring the light and objects above it ; sometimes the sun, sometimes the moon and stars, sometimes the clouds of fleece or darkness, sometimes through fog, without reflection, sometimes the passing yacht, the lumber raft, steamer, or other invention of man. The lake is ever present. It ever does its work with varying completeness.

Analogy would rather annul that immediate speaking theory of conscience. The mind is perhaps an endowment from God, yet it does its own thinking. The ability of nerve to feel may be a divine adaptation, yet nerve does its own feeling ; stomach, how'er its chemical operations may be marks of eternal wisdom, digests its own food. Every chemical and other power, though it emanated in the eternities from God, now operates from its own nature. So, also, we should expect conscience to be automatic ; why not ? It may none the less have been an original endowment from God. Its purpose also may have been the preservation of our moral tone and conditions, and the sustenance of

religious life and organized religion. And yet we cannot deny that God may be in conscience ultimately, occasionally, or mysteriously; that conscience is in some immediate meaning the direct leading of God.

We are ever in the face of this mystery, the apparent self-sufficiency of nature, and yet the evidence of God's rule and of a progressing nature. This rule never relaxes its grip. It is as if God said: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further." This is not offered as a finished thought, but as a suggestion. Freedom is everywhere. Gravitation, appetite, chemical affinity, storm, sunshine, electricity, invention, individuality, license, and yet the freedom of the force yields to the larger correlation of forces, which makes of the universe "a plan," of its history a progress. And the puny will of man rises in rebellion, defies Omnipotence, and falls back routed and shattered before the moral sense within humanity (or is it God's direct action?) and the eternal purposes of righteousness prevail. How many profligate-minded, wicked, selfish people there are in the world, and yet how impotent they are to debauch the world. Alas! their rule of selfishness does not seem quite so completely curbed.

How God can thus rule, and yet the moral sense be intact and a unity, with the laws of its own development, and in coöperation with the shaping forces of its environment, which ever tend to blur it, confuse it, destroy it, eradicate it, or sometimes to nourish and help on its developments, we do not know. The manner of such governing is not clear. Conscience is a con-

sistent force, no doubt, and yet God may be having his way after all. The mystery again, as we have shown, is the same ineradicable esotericism which underlies all nature. Natural forces and no God, and yet evidence of a God. Herbert Spencer explains everything in genesis and progress from natural causes, and yet stands in awe almost before the incomprehensible. "Infinite and eternal energy, from which all things proceed." (Controversy with Frederic Harrison). 'Tis the finite versus the infinite, the self-included individual in contrast with the all-including planner. One is. Both seem to be. Interpretations are indecisive and elusive.

This grand moral sense has a mission, and a message to every human heart. It is God's light, God's voice, more or less distinctly focalized. It is the voice far up the height, "Excelsior." It is the beckoning of the tips of the fire-flamed fingers toward the abode of glory.

The universe is a machine with its fixed laws. Man is a free-willed agency in this universe. Law and free agency are antipodes in man or may easily become so. The one must be. The other may be, inactive or active, or need not assert itself contradictorily to the other. Hence, free agencies might each and all in a world antagonize law. 'Twould be supremest folly, yet we see defiance often in a less degree. Thus wide disorder would dwell in the midst of a world of order. It is, then, a natural supposition to expect in free-willed beings a regulative principle, a force, or ten-

dency to bend them toward obedience to the laws of nature, in their free will, after the analogy of the blind obedience of the unseeing forces. Hence the moral sense in man. It leads to obedience to nature. It bids be true to these laws. Edward Von Hartmann ("Philosophy of the Unconscious") noted it and thought it God's way of deluding and deceiving man. Men are led thus to obedience, thinking it for their own best interest when it is not. One might reject Von Hartmann's final explanation, and yet not the first explanation of a fact. It is God's method of constraining our obedience to his laws. This obedience may be, however, to our best advantage.

This moral sense might furthermore be expected to follow the molds of the law in the universe. We might previse that in those times when the knowledge of the laws of the world is very meager, that conscience should act as a blind impulse. So, accordingly, we find facts among savage tribes. Superstition, prejudice, obstinacy, etc., prevail, a degraded subservience to such conscience as they feel. We discern a higher manifestation of the moral sense among the civilized people, which is more like the wise direction of a parent. We find the receptive spirit inclined toward submission to the Divine law. This is self-evident in beautiful actualizations, such as Longfellow, Theodore Parker, or John Henry Newman. Or doubtless, F. W. Newman, Matthew Arnold, Prof. Jouett, F. D. Maurice, Dr. Storrs, John Hall, E. O. Haven, H. W. Thomas, J.

T. Duryea, and many another sweet-spirited disciple of the ideal. On the other hand, disobedience is still so outbreaking, and sensualism so rife, that we meet instances daily of the savage brutal conscience, in superstitious people, whose moral sense is mere prejudice against certain evil, while other sin is their daily indulgence ; their consciences also are blurred, and all clear reasoning processes are hidden away from them.

Conscience is the assent of the soul to all that is holy and true and good in the world, and to all that is possible and practical in the attainment of an exalted character. It is, on the one hand, that part of us which assents to the seeking and occupying the true relation to the laws and forces around us, wherein we become obedient to all of these laws, and reconciled even to considerable self-loss to ourselves. It is yet further the effort of the soul to attain all the graces and virtues of perfect manhood, such as were traits in Jesus ; we seek such excellence as the integrity of Aristides, the breadth and philosophic repose of Socrates, the moral culture of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the candor of Paul, indeed, in the whole aretological scope, incentered toward by conscience, most of us seriously lacking for the most part. Conscience is the whispering of a friend. It leads one out of the world of selfishness into the realm of kindness. It is like the influence of a great apostle, who by personal inspiration, expands men out of the single, selfish idea of life into a broader thought of brotherhood of humanity, leads them from acting

all for self, into doing good, and living that others may enjoy life's comforts and grow in character. Over many a structure of massive walls, hospital or home of many stories, might be engraved in letters of gold: "This is a concretion of the moral sense." As with edifices so with characters; many eyes are revelations of spirits within. Many forms are swathed in ethers which vibrate into translatable tones almost articulate: "Behold aggregations of the moral sense."

We stand, then, face to face with "the still, small voice," the impulse which propels morally the man. God-given endowment. To furnish the true guidance in life. Surely this is our most precious possession. As Jesus said: "The pearl of great price." It were better to lose all than it; for it is the thread in the labyrinth, placed in our fingers by an angel's hand. If we drop it, all is lost. We can never discover an exit from the inexorable chambers of human condition. When they get old, they will simply fall on us and crush us. But, hold fast the thread—follow it step by step; let it lead thee! It conducts to the exit, where entranced with the opening vision, we murmur, "Can this be death?" We try our wings for a moment upon the portal, and then fly out into the larger space-room of life.

EVOLUTION OF THE MORAL SENSE.

We take this conception of the moral sense and utilize it to unlock the religious problem. There are many religions. They exist today in many lands, in Orient and Occident, on Oceanic islands, in the land of jungles, on the lofty plateaus, with the denizens of forests, among those that feed their flocks by gently flowing stream, and in the lands of farms and cities. Religions have ever been. We find them in the earliest history. We trace the migrations of peoples, and their way is marked by temples. We find their weird idols amid the ruins of savagery, and their pompous festivals of ancient date exist among more enlightened peoples. The question arises, Whence came these varied faiths? What is the cause that led them to appear? Why do natives frame religions? Why do isolated peoples, each and all, form their religious cult?

Religion as a historic fact is claimed to be universal. Tiele, the modern historian of religions, says: "The statement that there are nations or tribes which possess no religion rests either on inaccurate observations or a confusion of ideas. No tribe or nation has yet been met with destitute of belief in any higher beings, and travelers who asserted their existence have been afterward refuted by facts. It is legitimate, therefore, to call religion in its most general sense a

universal phenomenon of humanity." (Tiele, "History of Religion," p. 6.) Cicero asserted: "There is no animal but man that has the consciousness of God; and no nation of men so wild and ferocious as not to know that they ought to have a God, even though they may not know what God they ought to have." ("De Legibus," p. 2, c. 8.) Plutarch stated: "That there has never existed a State of Atheists. When thou goest through the earth thou mayest find cities without walls, without a king, without public buildings, without coins, without theatres, without gymnasiums, but never wilt thou discover a city without a god, without prayer, without oracle, without sacrifice." Suppose that Tiele's assertion is true, and that religion in crude or higher form is universal, the fact has its explanation, says this teaching, in man's nature. If the moral sense is universal, religion, the outgrowth of the moral sense, is universal. It appears in India, China, Africa, Patagonia, barbaric North America and Europe, because Hindu, Chinaman, Bushman, Patagonian, the red man, and the European possess the moral sense.

The moral sense has always had a function. Under its incentive, men have constructed creeds and festivals. Sometimes a rude hewn fetish was its work; anon, a gaudily painted idol; a curtained chamber for a beast, or an altar for a god; sometimes a sanctuary with the stars for lamps and the dark dome for its roof, and sometimes the silent chamber of the soul, where no intruder can gain an entrance, and no power can shut the door against worship; sometimes the

busy mart of life, amid its bickerings and railleries of traffic was its place, and sometimes at the green swathed tomb, or the bed of sickness with its shadows of grief lengthening before the setting of the sun of life. In ancient times religion had its rude surroundings, perhaps its Gilgal or its Stonehenge, or its bamoth. Later came its days of pomp and ceremonies, its temple, and today, "neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem, but where man wills." Men have always been religious, though not producing out of their religiousness like exalted forms of thought and worship. The savage executes his rude dances; medicine men perform their charms; the enlightened Hindu makes stately festivals and elaborate religious philosophy. Ancient Greece filled its Olympus with gods, and quite frail ones at that; later philosophy rose to the conception of one God. What would Homer have thought of the theology of Maximus of Tyre, a pagan Neo-Platonic philosopher of Athens (and Rome) of the second century, could he have heard his declaration: "There is a God, the King and Father of all, and . . . the many are but co-rulers under God"? He would have branded him doubtless as a heretic.

As man developed, mind developed, moral sense developed. The more exalted human being exhibited more rational moral judgments. All grew synchronously; the function kept pace with the advance.

The world is full of such analogies. Increased bulk of brain brings enlarged range and kind of thought Persistent thinking changes the uncorrugated brain of

the savage into the corrugated brain of the philosopher. In the lowest forms of life, all functions were one common sack, but man began to be muscles, stomach, and mouth, there was advance in each possibility, a thousand great and lesser transformations throughout actions, range, and utilizations of environment followed; the quadruped changed to the biped. Conscious reason displaced impulse; and keeping pace with all the progress, slight in animalism, simple for barbarism, more exalted and varied today, this moral sense has grown.

Religion, like the other advances of the race, is a complexity. Its main cause is a something in human nature, the moral sense. But many forces unite to make religion what it is. For man when natural is not a specialist. His whole being and no specific faculty goes into his undertakings. If he makes a nation, reason, and emotion, and moral sense, and his other powers have all a work they do in its establishment. If he has a home, all the faculties of man and woman appear in crude or enlightened form in that home. There is reason in all human affairs; and there is heart; there is will and estheticism; nothing of human faculty can be divorced from human execution. And so when he constructs religion. As he builds it in any age or any people, reason is present; sometimes slightly, as man has not gained his scope of thought; sometimes grandly, as man has gained a greater enlightenment. Heart is present, sometimes inadequately, when men are selfish; sometimes superbly, when men have learned the sub-

lime lessons of self-sacrifice and love. Sometimes feeling exists. We see it in the crude, wild savage dance, with tom-tom and other rude instrument, or in the more enlightened enthusiasm of modern religion ; feeling may be gross or refined, it may be intense, and it may vanish almost into naught. The esthetic sense appears ; the love of the beautiful seeks one of its outlets and manifestations through religion. We find it in pagan festival ; in Roman Catholic mass ; in Christian hymn, in the choir, or the sonorous, passionate, thrilling power of the worshiping multitude ; in prayer ; embodied in the religious service. Its idea is concreted in Jewish or Grecian temple, Oriental pagoda, Chinese Joss-house, Turkish kiosk, dagobah, and Hindu tope, the synagogue of the Hebrew, the basilica of the Christian, the mosque of the Moslem, the modern cathedral, and the modern church.

Like that wonderful sense of sympathy and coöperation, which is in our members ; as heart, and nerve, and blood, and stomach, and lungs, mutually help each other ; as it is a strange fact that, affect one function deleteriously and you spread a consequence throughout the system ; as emotion, and moral sense, and will coöperate with reason in gathering knowledge ; as none of our powers are separate, but a bond of union ties them, so in religion. When we are in the religious sphere of action, our other faculties are as servants in livery running to do the bidding of the moral sense. Reason comes to her assistance and helps her learn the laws of nature. Emotion in-

spires, and will consecrates. Our whole being is involved. We turn the pages of history and gather illustrations. The Aztec, of Mexico, the Chinaman in the Orient, and the Norseman builded their faiths. All their faculties appeared and colored their religion. We might study Christianity in its varied chapters. Jesus and Paul left their impress as founders. Roman and Greek Christianity, the Christianity of the wild, barbaric Germans, and the other European nations, the crude Christianity of Mediævalism were bedizened by the faculties and "tastes" of its adherents. Religion today is interpreted by the trained intellect of man. Reason and art, superstition and passion, are still important factors. So with any modern congregation, how much reason, how much will, how much art, how much emotion, above all, how much moral sense, do they possess ! And we have a picture of the individuality of the church ; if aught else exists it is the heirloom of their Father's faith that has been handed down to them.

The moral sense (then) is origin of religion, but all the faculties of man unite in shaping it. Will to make it strong, emotion to render it joyous and intense, art to give it beauty, and reason to fashion it that we may accept it. The moral sense leads men to relate their lives in harmony with it. These men aggregate in a coöperative institution, the church, where there is a coalescing of those who would unite to promulgate and practice righteousness. The church is, or should be, a moral institution of those who live true to the moral sense.

Men endeavor to gather around duty the ameliorations of life; all that art and reason and sensibility can furnish to make a perfect life, where the strength of integrity is enlivened by the joys of righteousness. This is the church, the gathering of noble men, who meet to train the moral sense, and feel its pleasures and the joys that the other powers of life may lend to its pursuit. The whole man lends assistance to make the institution a success. Emotional joys, beauties of art, and the pleasures of rationality combine to help the moral sense to clothe the life in glories, and to fill it with unutterable gladness.

Such a goal the church has labored to attain. But it says, like Paul: "Not that I have already attained or am already made perfect." In our fancy no sect has realized the perfect church. It is like Plato's Republic or Bellamy's novel, a dream, as yet. Some approach to the goal in one achievement, but have their lack in other respects, and none attain in all. And yet we hope that religion is reaching onward to this perfect church. And that the race will suscitate it. The ideal church of the future will be attained only by defecating immoralities from its membership, and anything less than the ideal in truth and human conditions from its corporal aims. The ideal church of the future, let it come! Where the faculties of man work harmoniously to construct an edifice on the sub-structure of duty. They gar the base of massive strength, and true to the plumb line. Its blocks are the moral sense; this is the foundation than which none other

can be laid, and a church remain secure ; yet over this basis we rear the superstructure, the story of the arts, the story of the feelings ; the story of the will, until religion represents the total man. In our cities, where many men of many minds concert, and where they supplement each other's actions and disqualifications, we see the better church. The musicians fill the auditorium with song, and the artists have, conveniently, or in pulpit herbarium, decorated it in taste, the people of intensity, hypnotically, make it thrill and feel, and the men of reason create and regulate its thought. These are approaches to the goal, as men draw near to the perfect church. We should strive to measure up to the architrave and keystone of this indefectible church. We should join hand in hand, heart to heart, mind to mind, and will with will, to feel the hair at the shadow edge of this Christ-like church. He who has art should supply the tasteful arrangement, he who has song should render his melody, he who can think should foist his mental creations, and he who, from power, wealth, or personality, exerts influence, should bestow of his ability ; some may be angels of mercy from their capacity for kindnesses ; some are natural nurses to mend broken hearts ; some are born leaders and organizers ; some are silent forces, some with eloquence. We need the mortising of every personal idiosyncrasy to realize the fullness of the church idea.

Although, also, religion is an act of trust, we walk by faith and not by sight. Under the old régime, men

saw, or thought they saw, the story of time and all eternity unrolled before them as a scroll ; they walked by vision, as in a path ; both fool and wise man knew the directions ; they had been told the future. Life was walking in the road of God, from which the way-faring man need not wander aside. Religion today is one of faith. We journey and trust ; for we live lives amid mystery ; we probe not the reason of many a law ; we do not understand why we must obey them. Our face is to the future for the solution of soul-problems. And the time to come is even more misted than dim past or the present. We are sojourners in twilight, reaching "lame hands" after in not, we hope, futile creation of the perfect day.

Sir Edwin Arnold said recently to a reporter of a New York daily (New York "Herald," October 23, 1891), in regard to the religion of the future : "It will be the amalgamation of Christianity with all that is best in other religions. I believe with Tennyson, 'Ring in the Christ that is to be.' "

HEART.

In that early time in human history when man became a tool making, a hunting, a canoe hollowing, a flock guarding, and a soil cultivating being, two tendencies can already be seen in man. One is head, for his self-preservation, the other is heart, that he may be thoughtful of his neighbors' weal. Not that head and heart originated then. They have always been in the Creator. So we judge from his works. Animals possess them. They show mind in many instances. They show heart in the care of their young, whom they seem to love, and whom they fight for to the death. The cat for her kittens, the lioness for her whelps, the bear for its cubs, the eagle and many a bird for its young, and many of a gentler disposition will thus mortally contend.

One day, many centuries ago, a rude, unthinking savage returned at the dusk of evening from a day of bloodthirsty deeds. He put his arms around his tawny child, and drew him kindly to his heart, speaking some simple words of love. The savage had lived that day two phases of his nature, the selfish and unselfish. He is a type of all time. He has reappeared like an incarnate Buddha in every generation to the present day. Fathers go to their homes, and put their arms around their children. Some arms are shorter,

some are longer. Some have philanthropic arms, and they put them around all suffering humanity so far as their eyes and their arms can reach. Heart is thoughtfulness for others, we might say. Thoughtfulness is a mental term. Those who love most are often not the greatest thinkers. Heart is love for others.

Mind is a broad term, so is heart. Men should nurture mind ; this sounds very simple, but it refers to many faculties and a long process of growth. Men should cultivate heart ; this sounds also clear, but both include much and varied growth. "I am a man of heart," I hear a man remark. Does he know what it implies? The arena for heart is very wide. It is broad as life. There is not a fishing excursion, nor a summer's trip of travel, but that gives opportunity for heart ; but heart is broader than feeing waiters and checking trunks for ladies. The social circle with its joys and jokes makes the heart strings vibrate. But heart is broader than hilarity ; it is a part though not the whole of heart to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to alleviate the distressed, to cheer the faint-hearted, to comfort those that mourn, and wipe away their tears, to enliven the depressed, to banish melancholy ; to spur on those that lag, to light the torch of their ambitions, and to make them strive to do in life, to put the hand upon the shoulder and whisper "Courage" to all that do their best. To be a beacon light, and to say to those that walk upon the brink of unsafe heights, " Beware "; to tell him of the coming ruined health, and lost opportunities of life,

and all the hard but sure results of sin ; to say to him who sows his golden chances in the wind, the wind will one day be a tempest, and will smite you, and the rain will fall upon and chill you ; to say to those that violate the laws of health, these laws were meant to be your friend ; you can make them foes. All this is part though not the whole of heart. We watch the man of heart within the home. Home is a sanctum. The public gaze cannot penetrate its curtains. It is the most secret of all secret societies. The man of heart makes his home a brotherhood, where the spirit of affection, where deeds of kindness, where words that are softened by love and not hardened by hate abound. Home is a garden plot where he grows the choicest and rarest flowers of affection. The man of heart views all human life but as a larger home. And he passes on, a like spirit, like words, like influences, like deeds, into society, and the State, this larger home.

We look within the heart to the fountain, to the internal feelings, from whence its manifestations flow. Men call them by such names as tenderness, affection, compassion, sympathy, gentleness, forbearance, good will, benevolence, beneficence, charity, love. My eye glances first at good will, which is a low form of heart ; this deepens to benevolence, and, where opportunity offers, flows forth into beneficence. Benevolence is accompanied by affection, love for others. At moments of misfortune, pity appears, which deepens into sympathy or compassion. At critical moments, the

spirit of gentleness or tenderness. In moments of judgment, charity. In moments of annoyances, forbearance is manifested.

Historically, men loved first their own blood. They also had a liking for their dogs or cattle. Later, they esteemed their tribe. They came to love their nation. At last, this patriotism broadened into the humane spirit, when men came to look upon the race as a unit, and when they builded hospitals and homes for the destitute and unfortunate. Thus heart is like the dew-drop. The sunshine gives it at times all the colors of the rainbow. Many a virtue we grace by some stately name is only a color in the dew-drop, heart.

Heart flows from its inward spring much as water flows into the brooks and rivers. It flows in volumes of breath in the words that are spoken. True heart is seen in the thoughtfulness and the care that words be not barbed poisoned arrows, but showers of blessing. Heart flows forth in influence. Some bless, some curse mankind through humanity's perfume, influence. Heart flows forth in deeds, all the kinds of loving deeds that enter into life. Heart may permeate trade. A man's business is a large opportunity for heart. Heart is the soul of philanthropy. It is a sweet grace, when individuals found a hospital or a college. It illuminates home. It gladdens society. It should glorify all life. No task so large, so honorable, that it will not add a charm. No deed so trivial, that it will not render it blessed.

One way to judge a man is from his deeds. But

externals often seem imperfect standards. So often a noble and sincere aim in life conflicts for the moment with the heart. The struggle for life and success so dwarf one's opportunities for generosity, that judgments from externals are fallible. The best glass through which to see a heart is your own heart. The inner soul of individuals must be scanned. The root lies concealed beneath the ground of face and form. It begins within. Heart is a matter of disposition. Some are born with heart as others are born with genius; with others the heart seems left out. Some grow their little heart by nature into great plants. Others dry up their naturally promising shoot of heart. Heart is a subtle, intangible somewhat in man. It is a subtle characteristic of disposition; man has never seen it; its garments are visible, not its reality; he can feel it; it clothes man with an intangible halo, yet one that can be felt. It is hinted in the eye and the carriage of the people that you meet; you are not often deceived; you can tell a man of heart from him who is heartless; you are impressed that way. The best gauge for judgment is the feelings. We bring our own heart element to the surface, and see whether there is any heart affinity in those we meet. Our feelings often find affinities. It has happened to us all scores of times; riding on the railroads, walking in the streets, viewing a multitude, or seated in a street car, we have seen those whom our hearts recognized as full of soul. Stability, loyalty, truth, kindness, eagerness to help, mercy, sympathy,

sense, justice, appreciation, were stamped upon their countenances. We read them. The station is reached, the entertainment closes, the face is passed, we never meet them again. Or, if we meet them only for a chance acquaintance, we never talk about the deeper realities of life ; indeed, we need not ; we have read each other ; our eyes have talked ; we are already friends. You and I take those names so far as we can learn them and write them on the invisible pages of our books of memory. And if there comes a time when the experience of life teaches us that all the human race is false, we take out that book, read over those names, and our hearts are reassured. If there comes a time when we need friends, we take down the book again and look at these faces that our own mysterious feelings have revealed to us and count our friends. I admit it is not often that we meet those rare impersonations of heart, but we meet them now and then, and when we meet them we never forget them.

Other humanity grades itself according to a graduated scale. Some have hearts in certain lines, and lack in other phases of their being ; they are friends in these dilemmas, not to be relied upon in those. Some are neither full of heart nor hate ; they seem to have no feelings and swing with the mob, following the currents of life wherever they may tend ; and some it would be painful to describe, their scope of soul is only equal to their own self-hood, or their own home. Heart often manifests itself in a tone ; you can grade men by their voices ; some have a ring of heart-

lessness ; some have a ring of soul ; we grade men by their eyes, expressions, faces, postures as betokening heart. Some are born with heart. Much to be envied are those to whom heart is natural as beauty is to flowers. They spring to acts of kindness as naturally as insects do to food. It is spontaneous with them, ingrained, inborn in their disposition. They are born philanthropists, born helpers. The whole bent of their persons is toward doing acts of kindness. Their eyes are ever watchful, their feet are ever willing to run on errands of mercy. There are children that get the name of "little sunbeams" because of the excess of kindness in their lives ; there are mothers whom communities revere as symbols of motherhood. The flower has its delicate pillar and its beautiful inverted canopy upon the pillar's top. Violets are very beautiful. Calla lilies are very impressive. Nothing in nature so touches man as flowers. Many an intellectual one of your and my acquaintance, that could not write a poem, nor sing a song, nor compose an essay, nor utter a profound truth, nor pursue a chain of reasoning, are humanity's flowers. It is glorious to watch them. The natural overflow of their emotion is like a spring ; they are spontaneous, cheerful, merry, and all that come to their waters feel that their thirst is quenched. But flowers are not useful. They have virtually no utility. The dull, hard corn, the yellow wheat, the dusky-skinned pear, the peach, pallid in contrast to the rose, the sallow apple, have a thousand times more usefulness to man.

The spontaneous heart is a gift, a rare endowment, which comes from nature. All do not possess it, and it cannot be imitated nor acquired. It is most charming to meet with these men of heart; there is a ring in their voice, a tenderness of gesture, a warmth of feature, an evident sincerity of purpose, that is inimitable. When one attempts to counterfeit the grace, he only advertises the lack. The peculiar endowment of heart, magnetism, is nature's gift. It is like grace of manners, or beauty of face; it is granted, not acquired. Many a person lacking elegance of manner possesses charm. Many faces not beautiful excite more admiration than faces that have beauty. An inner worth gives not a certain external rhythm of feature and movement, but it makes an effect, and like in kind to that of loveliness. There are orators of nature. Nature has given the fire, and language, and magnetism; oratory is a gift. But many who are not orators produce the effects like those of the orator. They have, or gain, an intrinsic worth, which is felt, and leads men to overlook what they lack because of what they have. And so we think of men of heart. A certain personality endowment, a rich magnetism, can never be gained by those to whom it was not imparted, but real care for others' feelings and needs and joys may be a universal trait that all may gain.

Mankind might be divided into philanthropists and men of business. Some are burden bearers, seemingly called to carry on the strong pursuits of life. Some are called in life to be all heart. They are philan-

thropic doers who by self-sacrifice save the world. Many can read their mission thus: "My work is not selfish, but unselfish. My work is the caring for happiness, the spreading of comfort; it is not my work to plan for and make a fortune or a destiny, but it is mine to be a savior of men. Many a mother lives in her home the ideal of heart, cares for the children, rears them in health, trains their growing minds and expanding hearts, being unto them example, teacher, self-sacrifice. Many a wife lives the highest type of the life of heart, helping on the mission and making bright the home for him who is active and weary in his business. We would not preach the sentimentalism that a man should be all heart. A man all heart would be one of nature's abnormalities. Some are called in life to be all heart. They are the men who give their lives for their fellows. They are the philanthropic doers who by self-surrender lift the race. But many men have no such mission of mercy. Such a task pursued by them would make them nature's failures. They have another work. The business men have their ways of doing good, only the opportunities are different. With the one the whole mission of life is self-sacrifice, with the others charities are done at opportunities. The true doctrine of the heart relates itself to man's intention. What does he purpose to do in life? What does he feel that he ought to do? Man's business and profession must determine his kind and manifestations of heart. Especially if that doctrine be true that man's first duty is to accom-

plish his life work, and his supreme aim is the doing of the stewardship to which he feels that God has called him. Some must be the farmers and the builders. Men must care for homes and trades; it is their duty, as much a part of life as doing good and saving from distress.

The business man is engrossed in executing his life work; he labors hard that he may accomplish it. There come occasional chances for charity. They are doers of mercy. Little streamlets of generosity trickle out unseen from their trades. At times there come aspirations, or the opportunity is thrust upon them. They found a library, or build a hospital, or do some grand, noble deed of charity, alleviating some real distress, and thereby cover, if not as James said, a multitude of sins, at least a multitude of faults. In many lives this is the true method of doing good. It is the means for them; they have realized great gains in life; they have great resources for great deeds; they give of their affluence to a cause; the result is some great help. Charles Dickens used his master mind and wrote "Nicholas Nickleby," and thereby reformed the abuses in charity schools; so these give of their acquired power and greatly help some grand endeavor for relieving distress or augmenting the joy of man. Surely their deeds shall live, not merely in memory of others but in blessings on themselves. All have not these great opportunities. Their powers are smaller; their means are slenderer. Where one bestows mountains, the other gives little nuggets. Where one does

a flood of generosity, they trickle, trickle like the rain-drops from the eaves-trough on the roof. The deeds of the one are like the dome of a state house, whose shining surface is seen for miles ; the deeds of the other is an obscure suite of rooms in an alley, insignificant between the towering tenement walls. The one receives the "bravo" of men ; the other is not heard, being drowned by the bustling noises of life. But both receive the blessing of inward contentment ; it is the hope of the race that both will receive a future recognition somewhere, somehow. Which did the better? Which are the more greatly to be praised? Goethe was once asked, "Who is the greatest poet, yourself or Schiller?" Goethe answered, "Why do you ask, who is the greatest? You should be glad that you have two such men."

Do we wish a limiting suggestion? The spirit of heart is that every man should do that which he can to assist the freedom of others to win its legitimate result of blessing, whenever such action does not seriously impair his own freedom from attaining its normal compensation. However, for a principle, or to assist one in the right, one should willingly die.

Heart and head, then, are partners in life. Self and the neighbor selves are factors in existence. Heart relates itself to mission, home to self in ambition, to the city and the nation in patriotism, to the world in the feeling of humanity. They all are part, but first comes life mission, and the ties of blood, then patriotism, love of truth, and the humane spirit. We recognize these con-

ditions and then plead for a great, large place for heart in life; that men should make it as big as their business pursuits permit, they should not let their great ambitions dwarf their tenderness; they should rather look to it; as in the chilly morning, we put shavings upon the lighted match, and bits of wood upon the tiny flame, and blow with the breath into the flickering flash, and put the fuel upon the brightly burning fire; so men shall guard their hearts, that they may be bright and warm stoves. We need a good, strong outflow of heart, a spirit that cleaves to causes and to persons, those whose hearts are in their action and whose altar fires of loving kindness are never suffered to grow dim.

There is a popular fallacy that heart should be annihilated. Should it not rather be regulated? Occasionally, a man of ill-curbed heart has given largesses to the poor, as the Roman patricians gave of their affluence to the Roman vulgus, and has only ruined his own family in utopian endeavors to assist others. A man is sometimes too generous; he does not care for his own household. Is not the answer that the fault is not in the man's generosity, but in his common sense? He does not recognize the conditions of human life. The law of descent exists. A man has ties to his own blood that do not exist to others. His duty is first to his own household. He should first care for them. He can then do his utmost for others, and not play the fool. He should also recognize the limitations to accumulations in human life, that nature is not an exhaustless fountain, that his acquisitions,

though large, are also limited ; he should give commensurately with his income. He will not then err. If all mankind would live a rule of common sense, generosity would not reflex in want. The greater the heart the better. It is a pleasure to shake hands with some. They show feeling; they show sincerity in their grasp. The vision of some eyes is like a view of snakes, so deadly, selfish, so treacherous, all for self. The vision of other eyes is like a view on mud, such apathy, such absolute lack of any sympathy, and heart. The view of other eyes is a promise of consideration, of help, of kindness, trueness ; they have strong emotions and are humane: they are your friends, if you are a friend of man. You know where to place these men of strong emotion ; they strike every time on the side of heart.

A man without a heart is as much one of nature's failures as the man without a mind. And the man without a heart is a poor, pitiful wretch. It makes no difference if he is the best of scientists, or if he has the brain to plan the most palatial of opera houses or mansions, or if he can manage a vast mercantile agency, or is the shrewdest schemer in affairs of state ; a man without a heart is a poor, pitiful misfortune. Though he win and keep external success, the day may come when he will say, "Cursed be the hour that ever I was born."

Heart and happiness are mysteriously interrelated in this world. Some men are heartless. They put nothing into the world ; they receive nothing in re-

turn ; they bestow no happiness; they reap no blessedness. The great common sense of humanity reads them. "They are not my friends." The heart responds: "I do not love them." That law of human relations prevails. "We love those that love us." Those that love none receive no love in return. The heartless, feelingless men journey through life unfriended and unhappy. It comes to us in mystical statement. But that first within you, or you will never gain that which is without you. Put first within you that which makes your heart a help to others, or you will never find other hearts coming and being a help to you. The way to gain happiness is to be a producer of happiness. Unto such others flock around them like so many fairies, each with her great gift of blessedness.

Blessed are the men of heart, for they shall be full of joy. As the streams of love flow from them, streams of peace flow into them. I believe them the happiest creatures that walk this earth, those that live a life of heart.

CHARACTER.

Some think that every deed or thought produces an effect upon man's spirit. Some think that every thought and deed has, besides its outside consequence, a reflex action on man's disposition and character. It is supposed that lifting the arm forms an effect upon remotest planet. Thus every passing fancy or trivial deed makes its impression on the man. A rare event occurs in the life of George; he is loyal to a friend; or he speaks the truth; or he gives in charity; or he feels devout; or he resolves for righteousness; or he sees the beauty of the outside world; or he reads a poem; or he talks about the deeper things of life; or he is affectionate; or he is gallant; or he shouts; or he weeps. Or he swears; he sulks; he hates; or he, who is generally kind, is mean; he, who generally has good wishes for his neighbors, cherishes a dark, most spiteful, alert-to-injure spirit. These are unaccustomed events; they leave result in character. George never loses them; they have entered into him. Many events from their nature occur but seldom in life; we see the Madonnas or Holy Families of the masters but once or twice in a lifetime. We talk with Beecher, Channing, Garrison, Lincoln, but once. We take but one journey across the continent or abroad. The greatest of

music, the greatest of art, the greatest of architecture, the height of thought, the grandest of nature's beauties, as many a more commonplace feature of existence, that happens somewhere, does not often occur in our experience. Yet these occasional impulses are let in. And often these rare ones are important factors in our shaping. The sermon, the lecture, the book on a new theme, the song, the ball game, the drive, the summer's outing, as well as the winter's work, all become a part of character.

These infrequent incidents enter into life. They are the pebbles dropped into the ocean which continue in the ripples. They have left their touch upon character. Sometimes, no doubt, infrequent causes are the most powerful shapers of the inner man. That vision of the master painting, that talk with Lincoln, that journey, that pang of parting, that hour of acute suffering, that moment of rhapsody, that time of illumination, that emotion of kindness, has made more impression upon us than a hundred days of eating; that intense, depraved moment that touched the depths of lowness, that hour of hate and murder in the thought, that restlessness of envy and oath of revenge, has chiseled, has scarred into the depths of soul; and because of its effects you recall the day with tears of bitter sorrow.

But, generally speaking, the character is builded according to the law of habit. The law of all organisms is the law of habit! Action of a function increases the function. Action of mind or spirit, in

whatever lines, develops these phases of character. Habits of eating, habits of drinking, of sleeping, of sitting, of working, thinking and feeling, habits of self in any action or life relation, most common deeds, the original and cultivated bents of disposition, make the character. [“Young man, what are you thinking about?” a college president remarked. “That is your character.” (E. O. Haven.)] A habit gives a swing to our natures, a predilection, which increases until it becomes a conscious disposition. Perchance one or a few habits are nearly the whole man. I have certain experiences in life. I meet certain facts. I acquire certain ranges of knowledge. These factors sink out of sight beneath the current of my mind, but they still exist, just as water-soaked wood ceases to float and is lost to view but still lies in the bottom of the river. Certain feelings are experienced in life; these are laid away as memories. Like feelings have occurred. They have united their forces, and have become sentiments of my nature. They are part of me. These ranges of knowledge and feeling have so molded me, that, if I speak or act, I am likely to follow their impulsions. A man lives in the flesh and little in the spirit; this becomes his character. Some ways of life make mental, others spiritual, calibers. A man guides all life, home, heart, politics, society, along business methods; heart-divorced, you have beheld him, an incarnation of head. The thinker comes to reason even the trivial deeds of life. The enthusiast is made fanatical on all themes and decides all action, hit or miss, from his convictions

or his prejudices. The irrational devotee of the spirit develops to a spiritual monstrosity and a good-for-naught in practical life. A well-wisher becomes a philanthropist, and a good man a saint perforce of habit. How much these habits make the man! We see them in his bodily postures, his mental developments, his phases of spirituality. As he cultivates estheticism, religion, heart, reason, practice, emotion, he thus becomes esthetic, religious, heartful, rational, practical, emotional. What comes forth from men depends upon the channels in which the mind has moved, and the deeds, into which his activity has gone. The kind of feelings that appear accord with the habitual love and hate of the soul. The scientist dips down and brings forth acts of knowledge; his facts of spirit may be very meager. The philanthropist shows his moods of kindness; his scientific bent may be very slight. The man of self shows his keen shrewdness. The one is a reservoir of information. It is unnatural for the other to be selfish; he must be philanthropic; it is unnatural for the third to be benevolent. Self is king. Thus man is like a granary; in him is stored varied grains. When opportunity opens the doors of the barn, there will come out what is stored within.

The body is manifold. It has many members and processes. Like a pyramid it reaches a focal point at its summit. The unseen power, consciousness, makes it a unit. The body has its certain course of human life. These functions continue their operations during this span of human existence. Like a lantern in the

hand amid the darkness, this consciousness accompanies the body. The body and human experience are unified in it. The body grows; the spirit also grows; the body is a hill; we rise to the summit; we descend the other slope. It is not thus with the spirit; rather, the summit of the spirit is never reached. Physical powers wane; they sometimes obscure and always affect the soul. In old age the soul has tools that are worn and almost useless. While the body deteriorates, mind and soul often attain clearness, strength, and even growth. The wisdom of the sage is proverbial. The heart of the saint is wonderful.

Life begins with the material. The babe is largely matter. Its pulpy brain must change before it can really think. It is philosopher only in embryo. The babe has ears and eyes, functions, and nerves, with which it communicates with the outer world. Through these channels of matter the outer world begins to reveal itself. The mind begins to think, and to interpret the feelings. A process starts. The outer and the physical begin to transmute to the inner, the mental and spiritual, the character. A slow metamorphosis occurs, in which the impressions from without are changed to the inner man. A thousand different events have been transformed into character. Atmosphere and food have become strength. This is the steam enabling the inner engine to work. The beauty of nature becomes taste; the relations with man culture execution and heart. Art and music, poetry and song, home and hearth, trade and harvest, and multi-

tudinous powers, enter into us to make us what we are. Life originates with the physical. The body grows. Mind and soul appear and grow. Their growth is not so limited as in the body. The outer world comes through the body into the mind. The universe thus enters our spirit. All things that we see, touch, and learn through the varied senses gain admittance to our characters. Every thought and every act, the rare occurrences and the habitual deeds, are transmuted into ourselves. The habitual become the mountain peaks, the conspicuities on the continent of self. There results a thinking, feeling person of such a character that we can almost foretell his deeds. This transformation process is a most significant fact in life. Thus the universe enters the finite mind. At first the mind is a mere possibility. The universe is a chaotic sea to it. The mind transmutes that outside world into itself. The outside world calls like so many voices: "Receive me." "Learn of me." "Admit me." Beauty, thought, and inspiration, matter, mind, and society crave admittance. The mind accepts them. And the little tiny mind becomes the powerful soul.

What of the change! What of the growth! Is there not a possible gain? Is the sage as he lays down his white head an advance on the babe? Has not the material without been changed to a positive within? We may glance and realize the greatness of the gain. We look into the face of a man of sixty. It tells of his intelligence. It speaks out practical wisdom. We

think of the long years, and the accumulated facts ; we think of his information, that he can yield on so many themes ; we think of the skill and wisdom he has won in his life. He is a skillful captain who knows how to steer his bark over life's no longer unknown sea. We contrast the mind with the pulpy brain of the child. We see a growth, a gain, a possession. The man owns great wealth in his mind. He is richer than Croesus. But, to our fancy, his soul and his heart is a more worthful possession than this mind. The growth in feeling is vaster than in thought power ; if we would see him at his best, at his greatest height, we must look not at his thinker, but at his emotional nature. His greatness, his majesty, his superiority to matter is best seen when he feels. Not the words of wisdom uttered at death lead us to hope, but rather the soul affection shown there in love to family and bosom friends. All through life the deeds of kindness, the compassion, the smile, the tender look, reveal the highness of man better than aught else. We look to the soul of the sage to see in his grand growth of pure noble emotion how great has been the treasure that man may gain in life.

Life's mission is the transforming of the practical into the spiritual. Life's work is to transform the sensations which come from without into mind and character. The ever-flowing stream of sensations produces its coördinate in the ever-flowing stream of thought and deed, and, above this life, is the individual person, remembering, thinking, feeling, guiding. Out

of the sensations come deeds and thoughts, and out of the deed and thought come a certain character to the person. And the character of that person should grow in keenness, and wisdom, and emotion, and morality, and worth with the years. This is this life's mission, to build out of matter this spiritual efficiency. The world is the reservoir and garden. We eat and drink. As food and water become by subtle chemistry the formation of physical life, the universe is changed through another mysterious process into spirit life.

This is life's hope. It centers around this growth of inner life. A great growth is gained. The little mind of infancy becomes of strength and scope. It is a real power. Will it survive the wreck of the body? That which mounts so high at times above the body! This is our expectancy. We fulfill life's mission. We transform the universe into our spirit. We make from the macrocosm a microcosm. We gain a spiritual entity within. We trust in God. We lie down peacefully to sleep in death, and expect a further usefulness. A caterpillar lived its destined span of existence. A new life started in the caterpillar. The caterpillar entered its sarcophagus. Time went on. Out of the cocoon came forth a butterfly.

And while we hold our hope, we may keep it rational. We may cease the fancy of spatial omnipresence, of jumping from Saturn to Uranus, and Neptune to Jupiter; we may leave the conceptions of being seraphim and archangels. We represent at death a capacity. We have won it from the world. Our capa-

city will doubtless inherit the activity for which it is suited. Charlotte Brontë will not become a dairymaid of heaven, nor the dairymaids a Charlotte Brontë. There is reason and law in the universe. Pigeons are not eagles, nor eagles pigeons, nor is the one likely to change to the other.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

A few miles from the village, on a quiet country roadway, a few steps from the roadside, is a rather small, frame, gabled house. It needs a coat of paint, but the climbing vines, arching the stoop, covering the wall, and creeping along the roof, give it a home-like look. On the steps, shaking a rug, is a maiden. The air of heaven has given to her cheeks an olive hue, that thickens in their centers to a darkish red. Hair, like night, falls in a thick and loosely woven braid below her waist. Her mantel-piece seems white as marble underneath that black and waving cloud of hair, and like the veins of marble, the heavy twins of eyebrows form a contrast with the white. A medium nose, cherry mouth, alabaster, pearly teeth, and dimpled chin are in an oval face. The breath of nature from corn field and orchard, the perfume of the hay field, the ozone of the country has rounded her form to finely modulating curves. She stands of medium height, and more than erect, not the plumb line of the perpendicular, but a convex curve—what the Greeks would call the line of beauty. She moves a step or so, not the heavy, waddling, walk of cow, or hen, or duck, or plow-horse, the creatures she knows best, but the india-rubber step of health and grace which nature gives to those she favors, the lighter leaping of the bird from

branch to branch, or some nimble four-footed creature of the forest, the hind. One looks upon the face and thinks of genius ; the face shines with thought and character, one thinks, but no ! a closer vision shows it only innocence ; a closer knowledge of the person scatters such hallucination ; the halo is the ruddy glow of health ; the genius, the simplicity of normal thought, where the thinking is resulting action of a healthy frame ; the character is innocence, the artlessness of simple life among the cattle and the sheep. On closer view the face is not an engraven poem, nor a carved philosophy, the eye is not an aisle leading to cathedral altars, where the faces of the saints are clustered, but a mirror only, which reflects what enters from without, but shows not depth within ; the eye is not a camera obscura, where one looks and sees a Central Park, with reveries, actions, groups, moving figures, all phases of life, bits of all varieties of human history, types of the varied soul of man ; it alone is an opacity, although there flits sometimes across it the spotless, matchless beauty of a spontaneous individuality. What things appear unto the outward vision ; the fowls at the door-step, the cattle on the hills, the brook, the flower, "the moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well," the garden wall, the turnstile, and the gate, the corn, and wheat, and the garden truck, these form the subject of her thought and conversation, while the works of William Shakespeare and Tupper's verbal philosophy are the luxuries of her mental life.

What does she think of God, what of duty, what of

immortality? She thinks little. Only a crisis will reveal. When the thought comes to her from without, when the clouds of temptation as with Elijah, about the bigness of a human hand, arise above the horizon of her life, and she feels she must do right, she stands for duty. When dripping wet the clouds of affliction deluge her, in spite of their coldness and dampness, she trusts in God, the Infinite Father, and that her brother, who lays down his weary head from sickness unto death, is still alive in another, better world. Out of her failures (for she need never have any sins), she learns to ponder life's deeper mysteries. Out of her simple, normal life, brought face to face with these higher testings of the soul, she holds fast to these higher realities of the spirit. Let us hear her pondering. "I watched him die. The one whose life was dearer than my life has departed, and—." She need not complete her prayer; the natural life has given the faith in heaven.

A half mile down the road, let us say, lives a neighbor. A man unique in his surroundings, rough, unkempt, shaggy bearded, homespun garmented, rough handed, a man who gains a livelihood by industrious feet and hands, but a reading man, a man of literary tastes. He is not a man of special knowledge, not the heavy lower forehead, and oval upper forehead of a linguist, nor a square headed scientist, nor clearly chiseled, sloping headed literary scribe, not indeed a scholar in one or any scope, simply a reader well informed, who has listened to the simple melodies of

life in the rhythm of a Moore or Longfellow. Spenser has taught him to build castles in the air; Burns to feel; Browning to think; Shakespeare to know man, and "Thanatopsis" to know nature. Possibly he has learned to reason from Kant, political economy from Adam Smith, but much more probably from Henry George. He may have scanned the astronomical map of the heavens; he may have studied its rudiments through Ball or Newcombe, or have read some of Proctor's fascinating essays. Such a man, in the hour of trial and fear, one day, listens to the varied voices coming from the past that speak with him in tones of doubt or hope, and I fancy him, like so many that have been before him, great seers and prophets and men of letters, taking the bright outlook instead of the dark, and peering yonder. Let us hear him reason. "I watched the lamp of life burn in the wick so very low," he says; "I saw it grow feebler and feebler, sputter, tremble, and die; the loved one has been torn away, and my heart strings are bruised and broken. These voices of the past, I hear discordant messages. I seem to hear one say: 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here.' I hear them say that death ends all, for, when the blood ceases flowing, the sources of life are dried away, and naught else is left to live. Yet, one there lived, who thought not thus, who spoke as one who knew, not one who reasoned; 'Let not your heart be troubled. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you.' Ah! But have I faith?

Some reject his system and that of his disciple Paul, yet hold a faith in coming life. Emerson, you have spoken golden words of trust. Victor Hugo, you have asserted with convictions almost equal to the Son of Man. Goethe, you have felt there must be future life. (Plato, thou reasonest well.)" I recall :

Where are the swallows fled?
 Frozen and dead,
 Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
 O, doubting heart,
 Far over purple seas,
 They wait in sunny ease
 The balmy southern breeze,
 To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
 Prisoned they lie
 In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or pain.
 O, doubting heart !
 They only sleep below
 The soft, white, ermine snow,
 While winter winds shall blow,
 To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

—*Miss Proctor, "A Doubting Heart."*

"Star of hope, eclipse of cloud," he adds, "alternate within my breast. Hope I must, and doubt I must. And yet, if I shall doubt, I will doubt in both the ways. If doubt eclipse my life, it must also hide my dark despair. If I know not immortality, I also know no absolute destruction, no annihilation ; Shakespeare, thou hast voiced me well. I speak the accents to my soul. I speak to this mortal flesh. I speak them and I do not hear an answer :

To be or not to be, that is the question,
 human mind can go no farther."

And here the well read man would cease to think if the death were that of one not near of kin to him, some respectable man of the community, a child of a neighbor, an acquaintance of the street, or trade, but if the death is that of a son or daughter, father, mother, brother, sister, bosom friend, or some near relative, the soul advances to another stage. I can think no farther, he remarks, but in the name of that mysterious power within me, that enables me to will, and feel, and hope, I can and I will trust. I accept the "Let not your heart be troubled," he may also decide.

Ten miles or less upon this country road, within a mansion of stately size, and with barns of more massive shape, as we fancy, lives the Croesus of the county ; one who knows a horse as sisters know brothers; who can gauge the soundness and endurance and worth of live stock at a glance, who can tell a soil as writers rank a book, who can read the money side of man as quickly as lightning barks a tree, and adapt his mood to close a bargain. He has achieved success, and as such men are wont to do, lives upon a broad and varied scale. At the table, in the society of home, at the beefsteak or the yearly fair, he draws from life the juice that it contains. He dreams of life, and not of death ; of the solid actual, not the coming dissolution ; of the practical present, not the tomorrow.

And across the meadow, up a narrow lane, a widow lives. She knows not much of life except its disappointments and its troubles. She yearns for the tomorrow, and her daily joy and peace are the con-

sciousness of God, the ameliorations from righteousness, and the hope of heaven. Do their ways meet? Do the opposite negations of human experience grow one? Today the leveler of all distinctions visits both the households. The child beloved is taken from each home and placed into the plot of earth within the common churchyard, one upon the eminence, the other in the vale behind the hill, yet both indifferent. And the two parents stand face to face with the mystery of death, and must pause and measure it. The man of affairs must enlarge his vision and clear his sweep of eye to immortality, the woman of trust must feel the first numbness of a doubt, or grip fast in faith. Experiences meet. They are one in disturbed confidence, or a trustful hope.

The confidence and yearning of the race holds its own today as it did yesterday. Men live in the spirit and cherish the prospects which life in the spirit impart. Perhaps no such testing and natural doubting over these feelings of the soul has arisen as in the modern age. Many a man is compelled to recognize the chasm in his nature, the seeming inconsistency that he holds, and which he will not lay aside; for he feels that he need not leave it yet and sees no proof that one must in the future abandon it.

On the one side are the processes of life, seen from the standpoint of the fleshly vehicle; facts which appeal the stronger, since they alone are traced through the body with its senses, digestion of food, oxidation of blood, nerves, muscles, flesh, orderly organism, life,

disorderly organism, disease, organism stopped, dissolution begun, which becomes complete, leaving bones, teeth, hair, unless petrifaction, nothing, death. On the other side the processes of thought and hope, processes untraceable through the senses, indescribable in terms of body, matter, or motion, and even chemical combinations ; to-wit, the aspirations of mankind, the hopes and yearnings, yea, a something that is more than hope, an assertion, something felt, a conviction, based on the argumentative side in the great difference between the body and its operations and the mind and its operations, a hope with a basis, and a hope so strong it seems a revelation.

Many men have thought along this line, spiritual life, an engrossment in these aspects of the man, a deep, intense study of these phases of our being, a perceiving of uniqueness, foreshadowed slightly in the beast, but as the raindrop to the lake, compared with man, mind, human mind, reason, sensibility, and will, in varied action, that great power, has given them conviction they may live again.

But something further seems to help them in their hoping. Reason does not make their trust. Their reverence of the mental faculties scarcely tells us why they so believe. They simply feel. They do not analyze the reasons of their feelings. They cannot analyze perhaps, and yet they trust.

You may see this faith in the manner of expression that prevails. What amazement would awaken, what startled indignation to a people, and especially to two

parent hearts, at the following notice from the press : "Charles Smith and wife of Jones street were made happy last night by the birth of another little beast. It was a male. The physician has examined his members and functions, and reports him sound. The mother is doing well." Should the notice read : "Yesterday, at 3 a. m., a boy soul appeared in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Smith is doing nicely. Many friends will congratulate them." Nobody would read the item with surprise. It would seem, at the most, a pleasantry. When the housewives gather before the brightly burning grate, talking the entertaining gossip of everyday affairs, they do not call a babe a beastling, a boy a young beast, a man a prime beast, nor an old man an old animal ; no more (or less) than they call a babe a soul (mothers often say, " You dear little soul, you "), a boy a young spirit, a man a mature spirit, or an old man an aged spirit. They call a babe a babe, and they mean that consensus of human thought, the little frame and the dawning mind. They call a boy a boy, and mean the heightening frame and the expanding mind. They call a man a man, meaning not alone the stalwart stature, but the imperial faculties that lift him from the brute ; they speak of the old men with respect and deference ; for they are more than dying life ; they are ripened spirit, an ambulance of flesh, but an arsenal of mind and soul. Yea, they seem to speak of them as if they thought of them as those who, if they were wise and strong enough to excel in trade, art, thought, en-

deavor, need not fear to wrestle with the king of terrors, death. The writers for the daily press, those words falling unpremeditatedly from the pens of the reporters of life, the housewives at the fireside, the utterances of their moods, such outflowings of our natures best show our truth. Our beliefs are well presented by our conversations, our letters, our unstudied paragraphs, our habitual expressions, as well as our studied teachings. Indeed, we think more truly these reveal than theses. They are spontaneous; they spring from our being much as flowers from the stalks. The others are exotics; they are rare blossoms which we have studied to obtain. They may be artificial. Indeed they may be almost alien to the self. These spontaneous phrasings of the soul, outburstings of the spirit, thoughts broad as humanity, welling forth from human lips, feelings that we all have, words which we all speak, matters which have stamped themselves in literature, art, philosophy, hopes which strive to win science to their aid, that permeate our talkings and our writings; showing how strongly the human mind has grip upon these convictions, men build their faith on immortality. That which is so outflowing, so prevailing, must have basis. The voice of humanity speaking through man! We hear it. It may be the voice of God. In our higher moments we all are wont to say, I believe it is. As such it should have weight. It is the constitution of man which speaks. Your and my nature. Our understanding of ourselves. Our understanding of our natures.

And the further thought remains, which has shed such comfort unto many souls ; the voice is variously located by the Christian, as from God taught through the Christ, or of the Jehovah of the Jews, of Great Pan of the Pantheist, or the one God of the Theist. The hope of immortality is the voice of God in the soul, whether in words or feelings matters not, but revealing in His own good way the promise of another life. To be sure, we know that it is true that all peoples have not the same degree of trusting in another life. Some early peoples seem to lack the trust. Other rude, uncultured people are sturdy in their faith. Today the disagreement still prevails. All are not assured. Yet it seems true that as the race advances, as the gap between the almost stationary instinctive animal and the progressing man augments, the faith becomes more natural. As man lifts his head above the brute, his superiority makes him trust. Evolved man is greater than the unevolved. It is more natural for him to hope to live again than for the man so nearly brute. How the brute could think the thought of immortality it is hard to see. The nineteenth century man feels within him something worthy to endure. And the faith seems to percolate conversation, statements, impromptu phrasings more. It underlies his natural movements. As man grows, his thought of himself expands, and this expanded thought includes not only knowledge of my flesh and bones, but feels strong hopes and trustings for destinies that ensue from higher faculties. Evolved man is greater than the

unevolved. It is more natural for him to hope to live again than for the man so nearly brute. He has more right to live than he.

The thoughts of the housewife, the talks in the stores the philosophizings in the studied form of book, pass before another court. Man proposes, humanity disposes. The race grades our thinking in its worth Milton thought "Paradise Regained" a masterpiece above the "Paradise Lost." The race reversed the verdict. Byron doubtless thought himself a rather model man. History glorified his genius, but condemned his vices. We frame our theories; the race accepts or rejects them as their working hypothesis. Spencer represents the final thought, say some; nay, says humanity, also give us Lotze, Haeckel, all right, but also Emerson, Darwin, yes, but also Carlyle. We only need the Rothschilds, Vanderbilts, Astors, Carnegies, to make the perfect world. But humanity calls for, bids for, the Hawthornes and George Eliots to paint thought sides of man, Dickens to show the freaks, and Charlotte Brontës to reveal the soul. But not alone these pictures of life, in the relations of living, the novel, but also the Brownings and Tennysons for the voicing of the deeper reveries, the Longfellows and Carletons for the lighter phases of the heart. And thus humanity seems to deal with the question of a future life. Give us science, it seems to say. Study the organism, describe the functions, learn the processes, know the stages, and expect death. But organism does not describe a man. There is a higher. One must know the

thought, the feeling, the will, the hope, the conviction to understand the human; these are also portions of humanity. And man, it seems to say, should measure up to this great hope. He should be an animal, no doubt, the prince of beasts, regulating himself as he does a clock to perfect movement, watched as a plant that he may run the stages of his life in perfect growth. But he is more. He should be mind and soul, and mind and soul growing in the inspirations of hope and trust, happy not desponding now, hopeful for the morrow.

Individuals are special; the race is universal. We are specialists; we form our thought along our cherished lines. Our specialty is completed in our thought. Another builds his line of thought, and makes his specialty secure. And specialty dovetails into specialty. Out of units, the race constructs a whole. Theories, broad as the universe, and the what underlies the universe, broad as this planet, material, vegetable, animal, broad as thought and emotion, broad as man. And thus with immortality. Science gives its knowledge of the man. Study of the spirit gives its light. Both unite in one, and gives the thought of man that humanity accepts. What is the fact? Do we state it wrongly? Is not immortality, with its kindred thoughts of God and duty ideas, fluid no doubt, yet with certain demarkation unto every thinker, are they not living factors in the racial thought and life? Varied thinkers explain the construction of a man. One gives a map of bones, and one of nerves and muscles, one of knowledge of diges-

tions, and one of the making of the blood, of psychology, mental movement, and others voice the spirit. And the work of all is sifted by the sieve of man. And do we state it falsely, there results the drawing of a total man, lower and higher, all inclusive.

We behold the race faith ; the result that humanity reaches in its seekings and its musings. And men live this racial faith in more or less degree. They concrete its thought in living personalities. Perhaps the broadest man of his time would be the one who, because he is susceptible to the range of human thought and motive of his day, best represents the whole conclusion of his age. The race-thought is our heritage. It is our privilege to live it, to gather the earnestness, and the joy of life ; its stable foundation, and its aspiring hopes, its solid possessions, and also the convictions that repel despondency and gloom. This hope of immortality has been born again and again in the souls of history ; the weak and the strong have alike possessed it. We state not rashly saying that many of the bravest, noblest, wisest, keenest, holiest, have been stalwart in this faith. It has been with men of every creed, the Christian, but broader than the Christian faith, among philosophers, poets, statesmen, all skins, cultures, temperaments have felt its dawnings, and its ebbings and its full tide flowings. Many souls have sought and found its trust, have voiced their convictions, nor have they feared to die.

It seems to beckon us to come into its pleasures and its joys, to enter its contentment and peace, to follow

the life in the soul and not in the flesh, in the spirit, not the organism, to live where these lights of better days shed warmth and courage rather than as those who feel that life is day and they are walking to the shadows of the night.

Our fathers lived by trust. Slowly as the mists of the evening gathered, they wrapt the garments of their hopes around them and walked onward fearless to encounter the seeming darkness of the night. They journeyed slowly, steadily, they felt their strength of flesh declining, yet some, grand souls, grew stronger in their faith, pulled their caps down on their foreheads, and trod unflinchingly into the forest, into the night. We are like our fathers. What they did, we must do ; we may do. Their trust may be our trust. Their faith, our faith.

FINIS.

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R. S. T.

